

REMINISCENCES
of the
SPANISH-AMERICAN
WAR

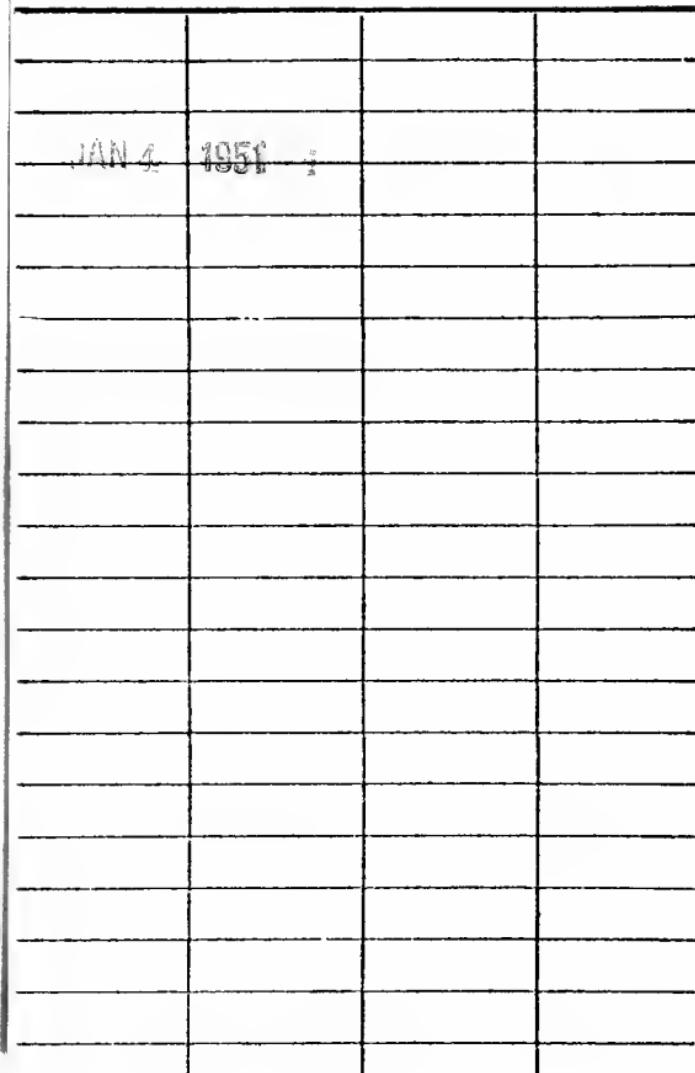
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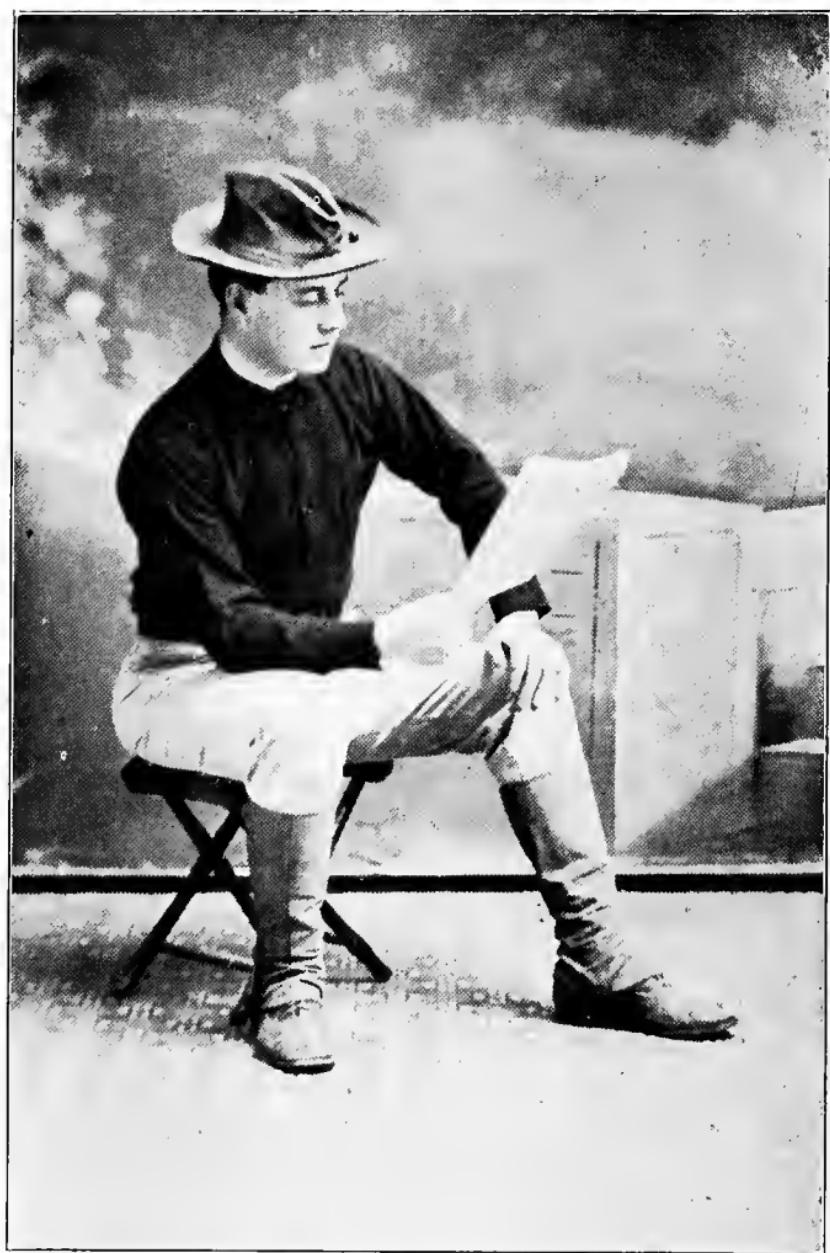
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REMINISCENCES
OF THE
Spanish-American War
In Cuba
and the Philippines

BY
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Ex-private, Co. G, 21st Inf't.

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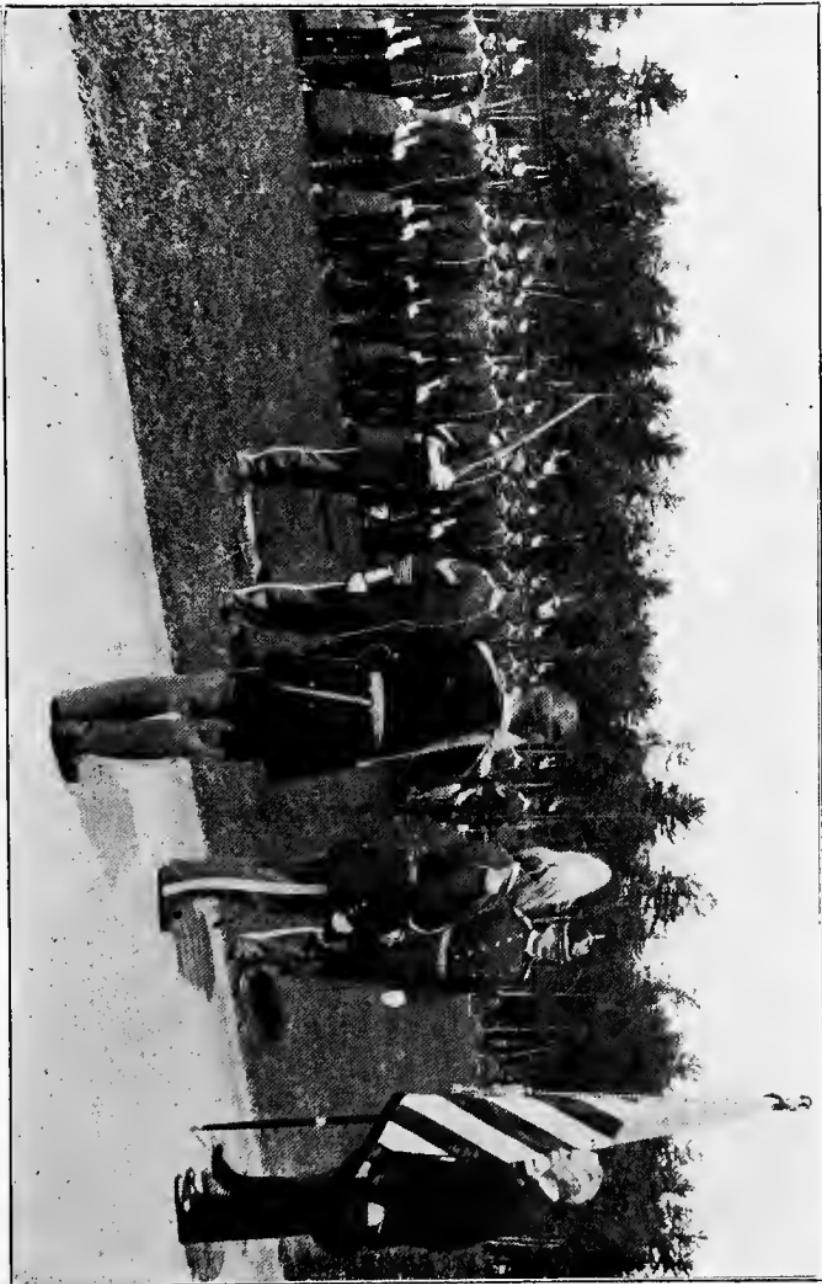
PREFACE.

NEARLY a score of years has passed since the Spanish-American War in Cuba and the Philippine insurrection. Many books have been written of the war and its causes, but it has never come to my attention that any author has written reminiscences of actual service at the front. It has not been and will not be my purpose to give you a complete history of the war with Spain, but sincerely believing that it might be of special interest to my friends and acquaintances, I have concluded to narrate my personal experiences while in the service with the 21st United States Infantry, oftentimes called "The President's Own." The 21st Infantry was considered one of the best drilled regiments in the army at the time of the war, and had earned the marked respect of all the citizens of the city of Plattsburgh, New York,

at which place the regiment was stationed when war was declared. In the summer of 1897 President and Mrs. McKinley were stopping at Hotel Champlain, Bluff Point, New York. On this occasion the President reviewed the regiment, and Mrs. McKinley presented to it a beautiful silk flag. There will be found several pictures in this book. Undoubtedly the reader will recognize many of them.

CHARLES F. GAUVREAU.

Secretary of War, Alger, Presenting the Colors to the 21st Infantry, August 18, 1897.



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REMINISCENCES
OF THE
SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

I.

MY ENLISTMENT—OFF FOR CUBA.

THE Island of Cuba is the largest of the West Indies, and lies about 125 miles from the southern point of Florida. It has often been called the “Pearl of the Antilles.” Its population is approximately 2,000,000, two-thirds of whom are white and of Spanish origin, the remaining inhabitants being a mixed dark race, mostly negroes. Havana is the largest city, with a population of about 300,000.

For several years Spain had ruled over Cuba. The tyrannical governors sent by the Spanish Government to Cuba pillaged and pilfered until the inhabitants could stand the same no longer. Many revolts occurred, but they were of little avail. It seemed at times that the civilized nations of the world would take the Cuban matter in hand, and teach

Spain a lesson. However, it will be seen that it remained for the United States to do this work.

The United States Government sent the battleship "Maine" in February, 1898, on a friendly visit to Havana, the Cuban capital. The guns of Moro Castle cannonaded a salute to the Ameriean battleship as it entered the harbor. A pilot of the Spanish Government took her safely to her allotted place in the harbor. The officers were shown courtesies of every kind. The "Maine" carried 360 offieers and men on board. On the night of February 15th, 1898, while everything was silent in the harbor, and most of the ship's population were asleep, an explosion of incomparable force shattered the stillness of the night. Portions of the ship leaped high into the air amid the rushing of waters, and then sank until only an unrecognizable part could be seen. Of the 360 on board, 266 went down to their death.

Immediately many people charged this horrible affair to schemings of the Spanish authorities. Of course the Spanish Government denied the blame, and after it had con-

ducted a so-called investigation, announced that the "Maine" had been destroyed by an internal explosion. An American Court of Inquiry carefully went into the details of the case, and on March 21st confirmed the view which was held by most of the world, that the "Maine" had been blown up by a submarine mine.

The American people became inflamed, and were anxious to draw sword. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian boundary to the Gulf of Mexico there was a unanimous opinion of all citizens that Spain should be immediately chastised. "Remember the Main" was the quotation heard from the lips of every one.

On April 20th Congress declared war against Spain by setting forth that the people of Cuba were and of right ought to be free and independent. To compel Spain to withdraw from Cuba and Cuban waters, our army, navy and militia were placed at President McKinley's disposal.

President McKinley called for 125,000 volunteers to serve for two years.

At the time I was living in the village of Rouses Point, Clinton County, New York, which is still my home. The President's call for volunteers aroused all the patriotism in me. It did not take me long to decide that I would respond to my country's call, but being only nineteen years of age, it was necessary for me to obtain my father's consent.

I approached my father and laid my plans before him. They did not meet with his approval. In fact, he told me to discard from my mind the idea that I wanted to go to war. However, this did not discourage me, and on the following morning I boarded a train for Plattsburgh, at which place there was a recruiting station. On arriving there I proceeded to the Government Post where I was given the proper blanks to be signed by my father. With these papers I returned home the same evening. The next day was one of the most important in my life. In order to enlist it was absolutely necessary for my father to sign the papers which I had obtained. I went to him again and stated that I had firmly decided to go to war, and asked him to give his



21st Infantry Leaving Plattsburg for Cuba, 1898. John Campbell, Engineer; William Ryan, Engineer; Albert Boundles, Fireman; Dennis Murphy, Fireman; A. G. Rabb, Conductor; R. T. Van Dewater, Flagman; Arthur Legare, Trainman; James Buckman, Trainman; Wm. Cole, Trainman.

consent. After much argument he realized that I was much in earnest, and decided to let me have my own way.

Having obtained my father's signature I returned to Plattsburgh, and on the 13th day of May, 1898, I joined Uncle Sam's army. Some people believe thirteen to be unlucky, but as you proceed with my story you will quickly ascertain that it was a very lucky day for me.

When I arrived at the Barracks there were forty-eight other recruits, and they were about ready to leave for Tampa, Florida, at which place the 21st was temporarily stationed. After arriving at Plattsburgh my great ambition was to have a uniform and rifle. This was not issued to recruits until a few days drilling. It takes some time to make raw material look like real soldiers. We were told that in two weeks we would be transferred to Fort McPherson, Georgia, to be given more drilling, with the many recruits that had already been sent there from the different recruiting stations throughout the country.

Lieutenant Stamper, who was the recruiting officer at Plattsburgh, allowed a leave of ab-

sence to those who lived in the nearby community. I took advantage of this kindness by visiting my parents and friends for two days before leaving for the war. Those two days were happy ones in a two-fold measure. I was glad to be with my parents and my friends, and I anticipated the greatness of soon going to the front to uphold the dignity of my country.

On the evening of May 26, 1898, four recruits, including myself, boarded the train *en route* to Fort McPherson, Ga. We went by way of New York City, and after arriving at the Grand Central Station we boarded a street car for the Ferry which would take us to Jersey City. I would have liked to have stayed in New York a little while but we had no time.

At Jersey City we had a long wait. I paid a visit to an aunt of mine residing at that place, and enjoyed a good home dinner. Later on I met my soldier friends and we proceeded to the Pennsylvania Station, and boarded a train for Washington, D. C. When we arrived at Washington I was pleased to learn that we had

another long wait. I had heard so much about the capital of this great country of ours that I wanted to see as much of it as possible.

As I was about to leave the station my attention was called to a star-shaped piece of marble in the floor, and near it on the wall was a sign stating that the late President Garfield had been assassinated on that spot.

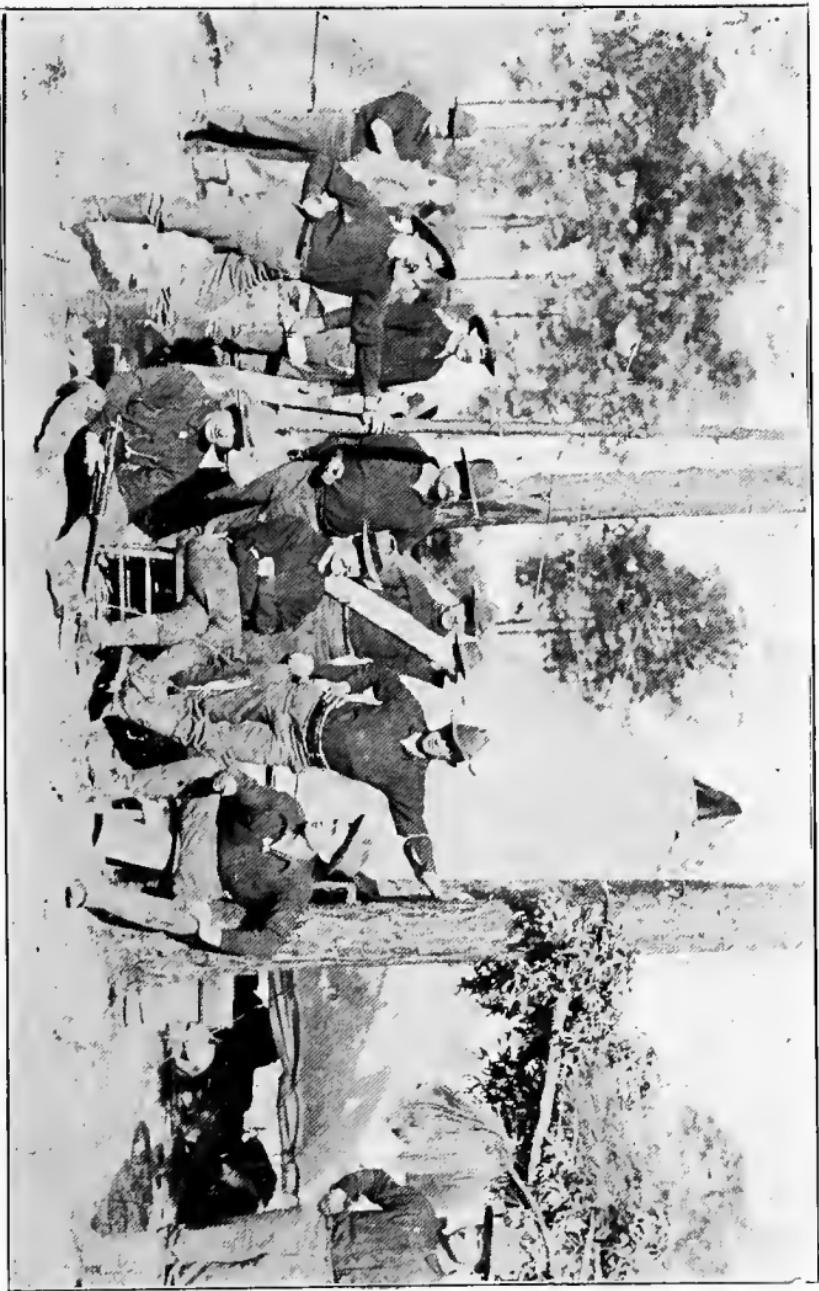
The Capitol, Washington Monument, the White House, built of white marble, and Ford Theater, where the late President Lincoln was shot, were all very interesting sights to me. What was then the Ford Theater is on Tenth St. between E and F Sts., and is now owned by the United States Government, being occupied by offices of the Pension Division of the War Department. How I did wish that I might spend more time in Washington, but the hours went past quickly, and I soon met my friends again at the station, and we started on our way to Fort McPherson, arriving there on the afternoon of the following day. The trip was a very pleasant one.

Temporary shacks, as they are called, had been made for sleeping quarters. I found

these not quite so comfortable as my own bed at home, and when I awoke in the morning my body was somewhat sore.

The water supply was brought to the shacks through pipes laid on the surface. The surface was of a sandy nature, and consequently the water was somewhat warm. The meals were served in a large hall nearby, and being so much different from the table in our own dining-room at home, made it somewhat difficult, if not awkward, for me in the beginning. Here we made our first acquaintance with military life and learned the meaning of discipline.

From the beginning we were given five hours drilling every day in the hot sun. This was very hard for me, but nevertheless I was courageous. After a two weeks' stay at this camp I was sent to Tampa, Fla. to join the 21st Infantry. After arriving at Tampa I was assigned to Company G. I soon made the acquaintance of the older soldiers who were very good to me. Their courtesies were appreciated very much. The tents had been set up all around this camp because most of the troops



Group of G-Company taken in Camp at Tampa, Fla.

were to leave for Cuba very shortly. This camp was situated in a palm grove, which gave us plenty of shade, but the duties were much more difficult than at Fort McPherson, and many of the soldiers were taken sick and died before we left.

The Regimental Band, being one of the best in the army, furnished us with excellent music nearly every night, which helped to entertain us. Oftentimes the band played at Tampa Bay Hotel, a resort which was always crowded with visitors.

We were given better food and also had better water than in the other camp, but the heat was intense, especially when drilling. When all the troops were ready for service the general order was given to break camp, and we started on our way to the train which was to convey the soldiers to Tampa Bay, where all the regular United States Transports were ready to leave for Cuba under the command of General Shafter of the Fifth Army Corps.

The sight of the Bay full of ships, and all of the hurrying attending an embarkment was magnificent and inspiring, and, of course, new

to me. As nearly as I can recollect there were about fifty-four Transports, also battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats to escort the soldiers to Cuba. After we had all been taken aboard and were about to sail a thunder storm commenced to rage, and one of the boats on which was the 13th United States Infantry, was struck by lightning, breaking part of the mast. No one was injured, but this caused a delay until the next morning. The following morning I could see thousands of people on land and on boats watching us depart, and the bands of the different regiments were playing national airs. Fathers, sons and brothers were leaving for a purpose that would be an everlasting benefit to humanity and human civilization.

It was on June 14th that we sailed out of Tampa Bay with an army of 16,000 men. The weather was pleasant and enjoyable. A fleet of warships escorted the Transports, and among them were the first class battleship "Indiana," the cruisers "Helena" "Castine" and "New Orleans," and the fast despatch boat "Hornet;" also several torpedo boats. The fleet was constantly on the alert be-



21st Infantry Band in camp at Tampa, Florida, 1890s.

cause it was known that some ships had left their base and no one knew their whereabouts. Cevera's fleet was in Santiago harbor, but there was no telling as to where some lone Spanish ship might show up, who would attempt to capture or destroy us.

During our voyage I noticed a large water spout rising from the sea. It was directly in our course, but a shot from one of the "Indiana's" large guns soon pierced it, and tons of water fell back into the sea, making a grand sight.

I was greatly interested as were the rest of the soldiers, about where we were going to land. Nearly every day the despatch boat, "Hornet" would come along the sides of the Transports and give different orders through a megaphone. These orders were given by one of the officers of the Flag-ship "Indiana." It was very difficult to understand what the officers said on account of the wind blowing most of the time. The soldiers talked among themselves about our landing place. It was to be a peculiar experience to put foot on a foreign country and take possession of it. It was the kind of a story that we had read as boys in

school, but I venture to say that no one of us had ever thought that we would actually experience a conquest. A few of the boys were seasick, but after a short time that passed away, and they were none the worse for the experience.



Commissioned officers of the 21st Infantry.

II.

THE LANDING.

AFTER the expiration of eight days on water we came to a place which was thought to be favorable for landing purposes. It was a small village by the name of Baiquiri, located on the southern coast of Cuba about twenty miles from the city of Santiago. On the 22nd day of June, 1898, we perfected a disembarkment, but before this occurred the village was bombarded to make sure that there would be no Spaniards who could interfere with our operations. Battleships, cruisers and gunboats formed a circle, and while this was being done the ships were constantly on the move and lookout, each taking their turn to shell the town. A small block-house stood on the top of a hill in the town, and this was struck by a shell, but was not completely demolished.

It certainly was a sight which no one could

forget, as we stood by about one mile from shore watching the bombardment. The bombardment lasted about an hour, and then we commenced to disembark.

The horses and mules were thrown overboard and swam to shore, while the soldiers were taken in row-boats. The fussy small steam launches went from ship to ship, with their string of rocking row-boats, into which the men fell, tumbled or sprawled, devoid of the necessary "sea legs" which the landsman needs to acquire if he is to do anything except make himself a ridiculous figure on shipboard, especially in boarding a tossing row-boat from the deck of a rocking, unsteady transport. Very few of the soldiers who ferried across to Cuba had acquired these necessary "sea legs" because there were not many of us who had ever had any sea experience. In fact, some of us had never seen the ocean before, and knew very little of its storms and calms.

When the small row-boats were filled the race for the shore began. The landing place was by no means an easy one. It was a stretch of sandy beach, and the surf broke and rolled

in a fashion not altogether suited for the transportation of a large keel row-boat. These row-boats were towed along side of the partly destroyed docks, and there we had to wait for the tide to rise, so that the boats would reach the level of the pier. As the boats reached the level of the pier we had to jump out. Of course many of us fell into the water, which was not very pleasant. When we had all landed I noticed two large American built locomotives, which were owned by the Spanish-American Iron Ore Company. These locomotives had been partly destroyed during the bombardment. Many shacks were on fire caused by the shells thrown from the battleships.

The Rough Riders, or the First Cavalry of Volunteers, were about the first to land. Soon after the landing some of the boys ascended the hill and planted the American flag on the damaged block-house, which brought cheers from all of the soldiers.

Rations were then given us, and we had our meal in the open air. That same night some of the regiments started on the march to Saboney, which was four miles distant from Baiquiri,

but the 21st Infantry and several other regiments camped over night at the latter town. We slept in the open air, and guards were on constant duty to give alarm in case of interference by the Spaniards.

The next morning at daybreak the remaining troops started for Saboney, and on this hike we passed many shacks where sick and starving Cubans lay. These poor fellows had been fighting for their rights and the freedom of their country. They had barely enough clothes to cover them, and hardly anything to eat. It certainly was a pitiful sight, and many of our soldiers contributed food to them. Some of these poor Cubans were so weak that they could barely raise an arm to accept what we offered them. They had been left alone to care for themselves as best they could.

After we had gone a mile farther we came to a large cocoanut grove where we were allowed to rest. While we were there some Cuban scouts whom we had taken from Baiquiri, informed us that the milk of the green cocoanut was very refreshing. However, it was not an easy matter to procure the cocoanuts. The only way was to cut the tree or get

the Cubans to climb to the top of the tree and break the cocoanuts off from the branches. Cocoanuts fall of their own will only when they are fully ripe.

After we had quenched our thirst we continued on our march to Saboney. On arriving there the first thing that attracted my attention was large quantities of bacon and other provisions piled near the shore. This place was the principal landing station for supplies.

We had been at this place only a short time when there came to my attention for the first time the results of Spanish bullets. I noticed dead and wounded soldiers being carried on stretchers down a small hill back of the town.

Before we had arrived the Rough Riders, First Cavalry Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Wood, had already engaged the enemy at Guasimas, about two miles out of Saboney. The Rough Riders had been ambushed, and it was only through the timely arrival of the 10th Colored Cavalry that the Spaniards were repulsed, but this was not brought about until about seventy-two men had been killed and many wounded. This happened on the 24th day of June.

III.

AT SAN JUAN HILL.

A CIGAR factory at Saboney was converted into a hospital, and it was not long before it was completely filled with sick and wounded soldiers from the many regiments. Our camp was a short distance from a railroad bridge which was constantly guarded by soldiers. As I was passing the hospital I noticed the dead bodies of Captain Capron and Hamilton Fish, of the Rough Riders. These men had lost their lives in the battle of Guasimas, and their bodies were taken to a ship and transported to the United States for burial.

Colonel McKibbin of the 21st Infantry, who later on while in the trenches was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers and also made temporary Military Governor of Santiago after the surrender of that city, received the order that we should break camp

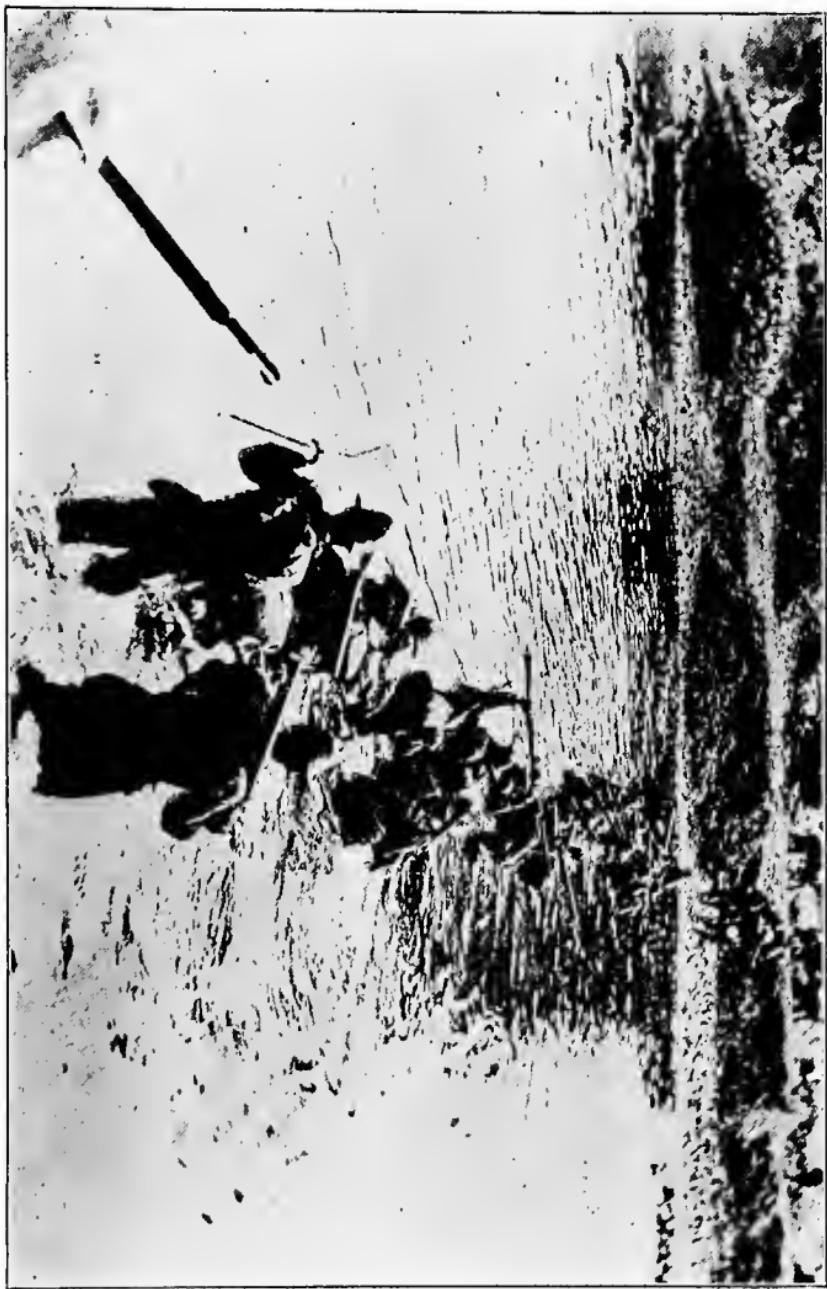
and move on farther, as our regiment was supposed to be in the reserve of General Chaffee's Brigade, which consisted of the 7th, 12th and 17th regiments of Infantry.

As we pressed onward we passed many newly made graves of Rough Riders who had been killed in the recent engagement. The place where the fight occurred was in the open, surrounded by low bushes, in which the Spaniards hid and waited until the approach of the American forces. In the meantime some of the forces had advanced further towards San Juan Hill. That night my regiment camped along side of a road at which place there was located a pest-house, where the people who had contracted contagious diseases were being kept. A patrol was put on guard around this building, and the soldiers were forbidden to enter the place for fear of catching and spreading disease. I was one of the soldiers who patrolled the pest-house that night. During the time of my duty the roof on the building caved in, making a terrific noise, and for a moment I was quite certain that the Spanish army was charging on me, but this

feeling disappeared in a few seconds and I recovered my composure. It was found that the tile covered roof was too heavy for the old building, and had given away.

While stationed at this place I had already seen the pack mules with ammunition on the way to the front, together with the advance column of General Chaffee's and General Lawton's men. These regiments later drove the Spaniards out of El Caney, which is to the right of San Juan Hill.

On the first day of July we again started on the hike, but we had proceeded only a short distance when I began to hear the roar of battle. The soldiers who had gone ahead were already engaged with the Spaniards, and the whizzing of the Mauser bullets of the enemy over our heads was another new experience for me. The bullets were coming too low for comfort, and the command was soon given to lay low and to drop our knapsacks and haversaeks. A horse that was feeding along side the road only a short distance from where I lay was shot in the head. I began to realize that our position was dangerous, and that it was about time



Fording the San Juan River, Cuba, July 1st, 1898.

to move. The bullets commeneed to come thicker and faster, and I did not at all welcome their humming. Some of our men had already been hit by the Mauser bullets, and I was expeeting that almost any moment I would be one of the victims.

We pressed onward and soon arrived at San Juan River, whieh we had to cross, holding our rifles above our heads, in full view of the Spaniards on the Hill in front of us. In affecting this crossing many of the men were drowned, some were shot dead, and others were wounded, but in the excitement we pressed onward and the horrible scene seemed to pass unnoticed. We soon reached the foot of San Juan Hill, which afterwards beeame famous as one of the most important battles of the campaign.

At San Juan Hill the general command was given to deploy and form a skirmish line, and we lost no time in executing the command.

We then proeceeded to climb the hill which was a net-work of barbed wire, bushes and shrubbery, and many times we beeame so entangled that it seemed almost impossible to go

onward. The barbed wire was laid close to the ground, and it was difficult to see the same. Besides that, the block-house situated in front of us on the Hill was one of the Spanish strong-holds, and the Spaniards made it troublesome for us in forcing our way through their lines. The 6th and the 16th Infantry and the 10th Colored Cavalry Regulars, that had already been engaged ahead of us, drove the enemy back and captured the block-house. These regiments were the first to plant the American Flag on top of San Juan Hill, but they did not accomplish this until after the sacrifice of many lives and the wounding of many brave men. It has been claimed by military experts that the Mauser rifles were of longer range and smaller calibre, using smokeless powder, and superior to our Krag Jorgensen, and of course these better guns were in favor of the enemy. Another fact to be remembered is that the volunteers were armed with the old Springfield rifles of forty-five calibre.

At sun-down most of the United States army had reached the hill. Also General Garcia's army of Cubans, and they all took

Digging Trenches on San Juan Hill, Cuba, 1898.



their position on the extreme left of the line. The food supplies had followed along, but were in the rear.

That night we started to dig trenches with our bayonets, which was very slow work, but we managed to scrape up enough dirt to make some protection. One thing that added to our troubles was that we had no drinking water and nothing to eat, and, my dear readers, I can assure you that it was very trying when recollection came to me of all the good things that I had had at home, but I soon discarded that from my mind, and my courage was aroused to make the best of all of it.

For a short time the Spaniards ceased firing, but it was not long before they opened up again, and our boys quickly responded. Only a few feet to the rear of the trench from where I stood one of our soldiers was shot in the side, exploding some of the cartridges he had in his belt, and tearing a large hole in his body. The suffering that this poor fellow endured was heart rending, but it was soon over with, and another brave man had died fighting for the dignity of his country.

That same night picks and shovels were given to us to enlarge the trenches that had already been started with the bayonets. We worked very diligently all of the time during the night, and made good use of the implements.

We had been without food and water for about twenty-eight hours. We could get along without food much better than without water, but there was no time to think of food or drink because we were constantly under the heavy fire of the Spanish soldiers. About twelve o'clock at night Lieutenant Spurgin detailed six men of the company, of which I was one, to go for water to a small brook about a mile in the rear. Each of us took several canteens and went along. We proceeded to the brook with some difficulty, as the night was very dark, and we did not know the exact location of the water, but after a while we succeeded in finding the brook. We filled our canteens and started on our way back amid a shower of bullets flying thick and fast all about us. We finally reached our company in safety, and it is needless to say that our efforts

were appreciated by the boys, who were very thirsty and greatly in need of water. This water was not cold and clean, but it quenched our thirst, and was very welcome.

While we were away for water the food supplies arrived, and such as they were, seemed to be a godsend. Each soldier was allowed a small piece of bacon, three hardtacks, and a can of tomatoes to be divided among three. It was not very much for one who was hungry, but I can assure you that it tasted mighty good to me. Later on we were given the famous canned roast beef that caused so much sickness, and from the eating of which many of the boys suffered fatally. By the time that we had gotten our rations the firing had ceased, much to our joy, and we wondered what would occur next.

On the 2nd day of July the firing again started and lasted until night. The trenches we had dug were almost filled with water and mud, as it had been raining very hard, and all of the boys were drenched through to the skin.

The line of intrenchments extended about ten miles, and the dirt which we had dug out

was thrown in front of us to make a breast-work. The soil was mostly clay, and very hard to excavate, but the officers as well as the men had to endure the same hardships.

We lay there for about seventeen days, which seemed like as many weeks. Early on the morning of July 3rd I heard some terrible cannonading, but did not know the reason for this heavy gun-firing. Some of the boys thought that the American fleet was making an effort to bombard the city of Santiago, for it had been the talk among the soldiers that Admirals Sampson and Schley with their boats were contemplating the bombardment of the city. It was during this time that the dynamite boat "Vesuvius" failed to do any damage to the city, but we, not knowing what was going on at the time, were placed on the look-out. It was generally thought that the fleet was bombarding Santiago, and that the Spaniards might have been forced to come out, and would undoubtedly charge on us. We prepared for any attack which they might make.

The ground shook as if an earthquake was taking place as the heavy firing of the large

on the Look out in the Trenches.



guns on the battleship continued. This lasted for about two hours. The same morning at eleven o'clock the startling news came to us that the Spanish fleet under the command of Admiral Cervera had tried to escape and had been destroyed.

This report was read to all of the troops by the different officers, and the cheers that went up could be heard through all the trenches. It was a great victory for the American Navy.

IV.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—SURRENDER OF GEN.
TORAL.

ON July 6th while the flag of truce was up, the Spanish and American Generals met under the Ceiba tree, where they arranged for the exchange of prisoners. Lieutenant Hobson and his men, who had attempted to sink the Merrimac for the purpose of bottling up the Spanish fleet, were some of the prisoners who were to be given in exchange for Spanish prisoners of war. While this arrangement was being made we took advantage of the time to boil some coffee, and partook of what we considered a very good meal, consisting of canned tomatoes, canned beef, and last but not least, the old standby, hardtack.

Both of the armies were out of the trenches, facing each other. Our army was on the hill, and could easily see the enemy walk-

ing up and down in front of their places of concealment. Just as the flag of truce was lowered both sides immediately renewed operations. Almost in front where my regiment was entrenched was a large building, and on the four corners of this old building could be seen Red Cross flags fluttering in the wind. We did not fire on this building because it seemed to be a hospital, but we soon learned that the Spaniards had made fortifications of the building, and had mounted many large guns at this place. As soon as we learned that they were trying to deceive us by tactics that are not usually resorted to by civilized nations in time of war, we started firing and soon had the flags down and the building reduced. It required only a few minutes for our batteries to find its range. The firing at this time was fierce on both sides, and continued up to the 14th day of July, when the flag of truce was again hoisted.

A very remarkable incident happened on the afternoon of the 10th, when a shell pierced through the trenches occupied by Company G of the 21st Infantry, and buried itself to our

rear in the mud; fortunately for the members of the company it did not explode, for if it had, most of us would have been annihilated. I remarked to one of my friends next to me that we had just had a close call. The American papers got out the news that nearly all of the company of the 21st had been killed or wounded. Of course the parents of the boys who had gone to the front and the many relatives found this kind of news unpleasant reading.

By this time many of the soldiers were either sick or wounded. Fever had taken hold of the men and affected much more deadly harm than did the Spanish bullets. Lying in the mud and water for so long a time was not healthful.

Our artillery had taken its position about half a mile to the rear, and fired their shrapnels over the trenches, whizzing over our heads with a big noise. At the same time the Spanish artillery kept up a heavy fire, attempting to silence our batteries which were doing them great damage. The bullets and shells were flying thick and fast, and we kept our rifles busy



Taken While in Action, 1898.

all of the time. There were with us many gatling guns, which fired one hundred and twenty shots a minute. Of course they accomplished a deadly result. In this engagement both sides lost heavily, but it was a favorable result for the American boys. This was the last stand the Spaniards made.

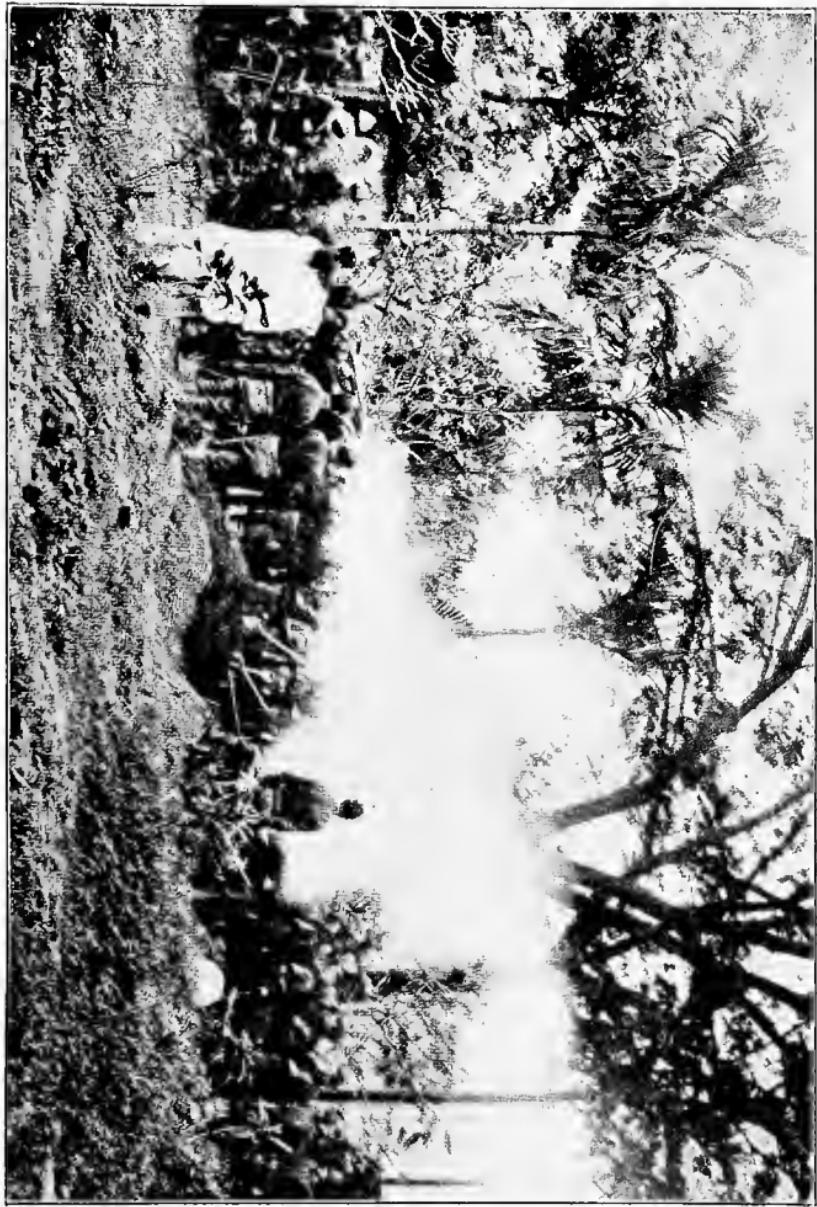
On the 14th day of July Generals Shafter and Toral again met at the Ceiba tree, where they had met before for the release of Lieutenant Hobson and his men. This time they met to make arrangements for the surrender of the Spanish forces, and on the 16th day of July the capitulation was signed. The joyful news spread quickly over and around the hills, through the rifle-pits and trenches until the whole army had heard that Santiago had fallen. Of course we were not long in getting out of the trenches after this news arrived.

Following this General Shafter and his Staff entered the city and ran up the "Stars and Stripes" on the Governor's Palace, and the band of the 6th Cavalry played the "Star Spangled Banner," our national air. Santiago had fallen, and President McKinley cable-

grammed to General Shafter in the field the following message, which was read to all the army.

“The President of the United States sends to you and your brave army, the profound thanks of the American people, for the brilliant achievement at Santiago, resulting in the surrender of the city and all the Spanish troops and territory under General Toral. Your splendid command has endured not only the hardships and sacrifices incident to campaign and battle, but in the stress of heat and weather has triumphed over obstacles which would have overcome men less brave and determined. One and all have displayed the most conspicuous gallantry, and earned the gratitude of the nation. The hearts of the people turn with tender sympathy to the sick and wounded. May the Father of Mercies protect and comfort you.”

General Toral, with all of his men, about twenty-two thousand in number, together with rifles and artillery, surrendered to the American forces. In honor of this surrender a salute of twenty-one guns was fired amid the cheers



Firing a Salute at the Burial of a Dead Comrade.

of the American army. It was a thrilling sight, and a feeling that no one could ever forget.

Of the 21st Infantry there were nine killed and thirty-four wounded, but the number who died from sickness was very large. As soon as the firing was over we experienced much sickness which was more deadly than the Spanish fire.

Soon after the surrender I was detailed with other soldiers of my company, to go to the city of Santiago with an army wagon for coffins for the dead comrades. The road leading to the city was in very bad condition. On arriving there we proceeded to a building where some of our Americans were making coffins.

My attention was attracted to the narrow streets of the city, and their quaint old buildings, some of which had been damaged by our shells. I was anxious to see as much of the city as possible, and I took advantage of this trip. I saw that many of the Spanish citizens who had left the town during the war, had returned by this time and were ready to resume their business. Army wagons were drawing pro-

visions in large quantities, as there was an abundance for all the soldiers.

We were then given fresh bread that had been made in Santiago by the bakers who were in the service, each man receiving half a loaf at each meal. Fresh meat was also given us, which was some change in the menu that we had had before.

A short time ago I mentioned leaving our haversacks to the rear as we were about to cross San Juan River for the purpose of charging up San Juan Hill. Of course it was somewhat difficult to recover these, as they had been scattered along the road. The regiment number and company is printed on every haversack, so in this manner we knew how to find them.

As I proceeded on my way I noticed hundreds of buzzards soaring in the air, which is a sign that there is something dead in the vicinity. Just west of where I was walking I noticed a dead American soldier lying in the mud with a bullet wound near his heart. His eyes had been picked out by the buzzards. Many Spanish soldiers lay scattered about,



Cooking in the Field.

who had met the same fate. It was a spectacle horrible to behold. Some of our men who had been killed met their death from Spanish sharpshooters, who were hidden in trees under cover of the leaves, making it very difficult to locate the source of fire.

After we had found our haversacks we returned to our camp, where they were assorted so that every man had his own. They came in very handy because they contained many useful things. I found an old letter in mine, that had been written to me in Tampa, and made good use of the envelope, as you will soon see. I wrote a letter to my parents on the back of a tomato can label, for that was the very best that I could procure in the line of writing paper. Then I turned the old envelope inside out and placed the letter in it. Having no glue I sewed it up with black thread that I found in my haversack. In this letter I wrote my parents the experiences which I had just gone through. I knew they were anxious to hear from me. Of course I had no such thing as postage stamps, so I wrote on the corner

of the letter " Soldier's letter," the postage being paid at the place of destination.

The Spanish soldiers whom we had taken prisoners of war would exchange cigarettes and cigars with us for our hardtaek. The exchange was not only a treat for our boys, but also for the Spaniards.

It was a hard task to keep clean, but we were soon given new uniforms, and the old ones put into a pile and burned. All of the boys, including myself, were anxious about returning home because some had already been started back. We were anxiously waiting for the kind news that would take us from this dreadful place where so much sickness and disease was then prevalent.

V.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

FINALLY the glad news came, and we started on our way to Santiago with several of the other regiments. When we reached the city many of the boys found things to be of an interesting nature, but it was not new to me because I had been there before. On arriving at the docks a vessel which had been heretofore used for carrying cattle from Havana to Santiago was in waiting to transport the soldiers. You can imagine the means of transportation we had to contend with, but we were satisfied with almost anything in the shape of a vessel that would carry us back to the shore of the dear old United States, or to what the boys properly termed "God's Country." All I thought of was the gladness of being home once again.

As we were passing through the harbor of

Santiago it was an interesting sight to see the famous "Merrimac" which had been sunk by Hobson and his brave crew for the purpose of blocking the entrance to the harbor. There it lay, to the left of us as we were going out of the harbor, with only the masts and smoke-stack in sight above the water. On the other side I could see Morro Castle, which was the boast of the Spanish army and fleet. There it stood so prominently with "Old Glory" floating proudly over it.

This castle was built of stone, cut by prisoners of ancient days. It was claimed in a statement by General Weyler, who was Governor of the island before the war, that this castle could not be destroyed by any of the guns of the American army or navy.

Upon coming out of the harbor the sea was running high, and as our ship was not a very large one, we were tossed about, making only from five to six knots an hour, which was very slow going. The engines of the vessel were in poor condition, and the accommodations on board very poor, but all the boys overlooked these discomforts because we were so pleased



Santiago Harbor Looking Out to Sea.

that we were on our way home after a successful campaign for our country. I also wish to mention that while out at sea on our return home on the 20th day of August I had the pleasure of celebrating my twentieth birthday.

After being at sea four days we sighted Long Island, which was the source of great joy. I could hear the boys say "Home at last," and it surely was home, for when we arrived at Montauk Point, Long Island, preparations had been made for all the returning soldiers from Cuba. As we landed from the steamer the noble Red Cross Society was ready to meet us, giving to each of us a hot cup of beef tea as we passed by the tent. You may be sure that we thoroughly appreciated this kindness.

A few days after our arrival the report went around the camp that the boat on which we arrived had been sunk.

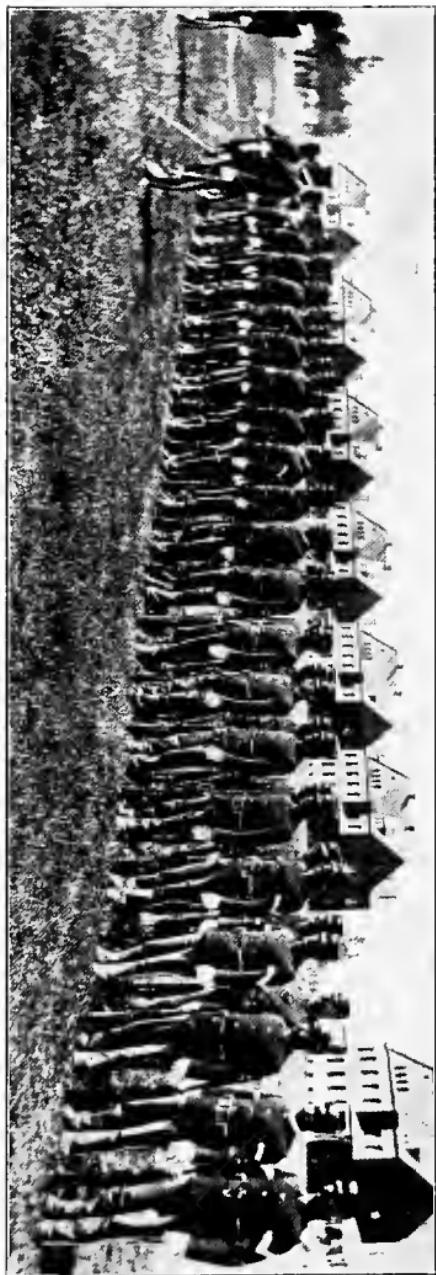
Wall tents had been put up for our use with comfortable bunks to sleep in, two soldiers being allotted to each tent. A temporary pumping station had been erected to distribute water around the different parts of the camp. A

temporary hospital, which had also been erected, was soon filled with sick soldiers.

A furlough was given the soldiers who were in the hospital as soon as they were able to leave. During our stay at camp we received our pay, which was the first money received since I had enlisted. It was welcome because I needed it, and so did most of the other boys. The food given us at this place was very good, and we were again given new uniforms and the old ones taken from us and burned.

People from all over the United States came to witness the return of Uncle Sam's soldiers. The visitors were very courteous to us. They gave us fruits and dainties which was quite a change from what we had been having. But all was not happiness. Some of our boys died while we were here, and it caused a gloom to spread over the camp.

Every day excursions from New York and surrounding towns came to visit us. The excitement at this time was great, and all interest seemed to turn towards the homecoming of the troops. While the excitement was going on I was taken sick with fever and went to the



G-Company of the 21st Taken Before the War.

hospital. It was while I was there that I had the pleasure of seeing President McKinley, who came to the hospital to visit the heroes of the war. As he passed through the wards, shaking hands with many of the sick, one could easily see upon his kindly face the imprint of his noble character, which told in unspeakable words his heartfelt sympathy for the soldiers who had gone to the front, and also the sorrow that the war had caused him, for it was a well-known fact that he had exhausted all of his diplomatic ability to prevent the war.

A few days in the hospital and I was again able to be out, performing my duties at camp.

In September the 21st Infantry received orders to return to Plattsburgh, where the regiment had been stationed before they left for the seat of war. It did not take long for the joyful news of our return home to spread among the boys, and it certainly was received with cheers. On the afternoon of the 14th of September we marched to the train which was two miles from the camp, and there boarded the train which would bring us to the boat that would land the regiment at New London,

Connecticut. The two hours ride on the water was enjoyed by all, as the weather was beautiful.

We received a rousing welcome as we landed. Having considerable time to wait for a special train before starting we took advantage of this wait, and went around the city to take in the sights. That evening we boarded the Central Vermont train that would take us to Rouses Point, and then to Plattsburgh. The train was run in two sections, and it certainly did seem good to feel that we were on our way home. After travelling all night we reached St. Albans at ten o'clock in the morning, and again we witnessed another reception from the people of that city. Our stay there was very short, as we remained just long enough to change locomotives. It was not long before we came in sight of dear old Lake Champlain. We crossed the Rutland and Central Vermont Railroad bridge, where once again I had a good view of Rouses Point, my home town, and it certainly looked good to me. Fort Montgomery could easily be seen from the bridge, and several questions were

FORT MONTGOMERY, ROUSES POINT, N. Y.



Fort Montgomery, Rouses Point, N. Y.

asked me about the old fort, as some of the boys knew that Rouses Point was my home.

On arriving at the station I was met by my father, mother, sisters and brothers, to say nothing of all my dear old friends who had come to the station to welcome me. Just as I was getting off the train I was presented with beautiful flowers by one of the leading ladies of the town. The school children had been let out during that hour so that they could witness the return of the soldiers.

Our stay at Rouses Point was short, and our train soon shifted onto the Delaware & Hudson tracks, and we were again on our way to the city of Plattsburgh, a distance of twenty-four miles. We arrived there at about twelve o'clock noon on the 15th day of September, 1898.

On arriving at Plattsburgh we were met by many people who had gathered at the station from the city and surrounding towns for the purpose of giving us a welcome. The 21st Infantry was more than welcomed. People were excited, whistles were blowing, church and school bells were ringing, bands were playing,

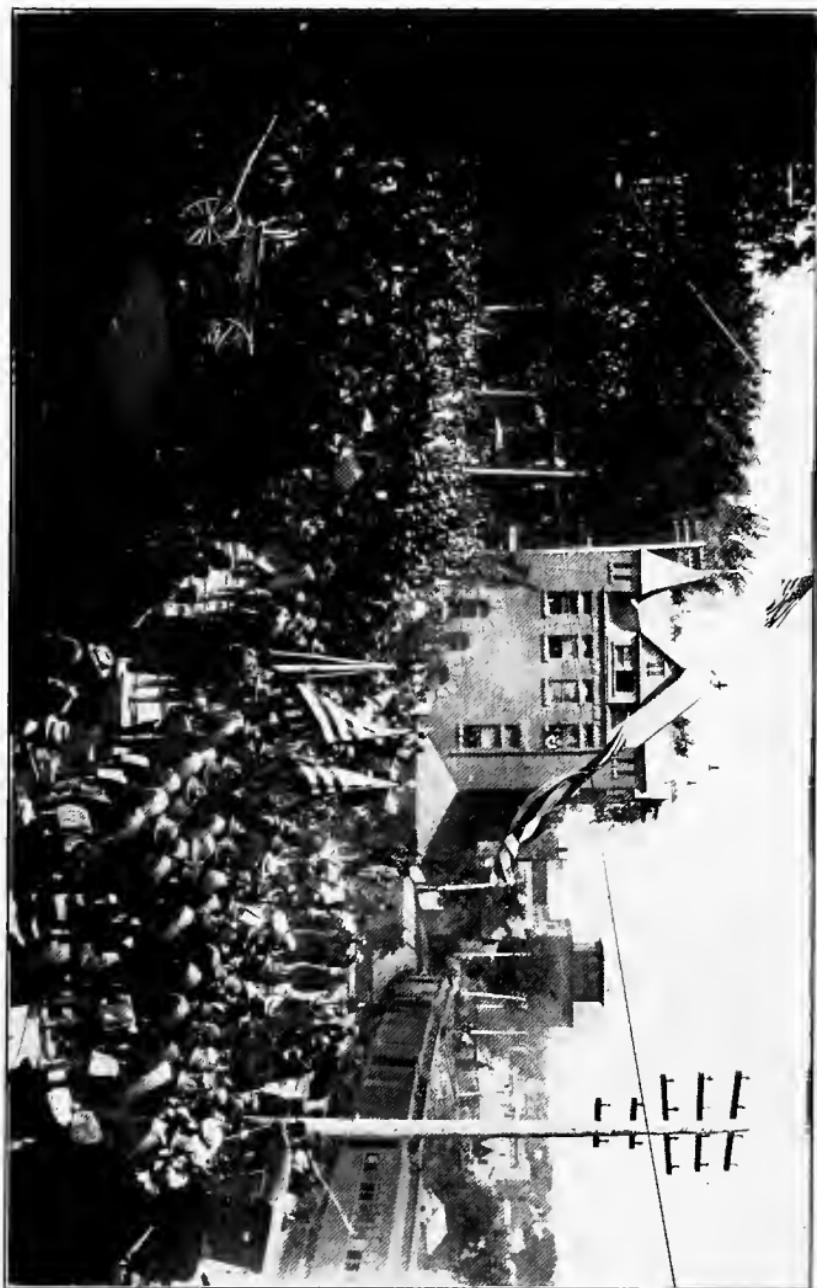
and every one seemed to be taking a holiday to celebrate the occasion.

It was a day mingled with joy and sorrow. Mothers, wives, sisters, brothers and sweethearts came to meet the boys who had returned, while others came to inquire of the dear ones who were left behind never to return.

The hospital train had preeeded us, and they were not such a cheerful lot of boys because many were still very sick with the fever, others were convalescing, and many of them died after their arrival.

After leaving the train we all formed into our own companies under the command of Captain Ebstein, and started on our way towards the Barracks, headed by Brigadier General McKibbin, Captain Ebstein and Lieutenant Morrow, aide of General McKibbin. These officers were mounted. Then came the Rouses Point Cornet Band, which pleased me very much, and following the officers and enlisted men, a total of about two hundred and forty-nine out of five hundred and sixty-five who had gone to the front, came the 21st Infantry band, who had also lost a number of

Arrival of the 21st Infantry from Cuba at Plattsburgh, Sept. 16, 1898.



players on account of sickness. However, we were all cheerful and enjoyed the reception that was being tendered us.

The city was beautifully decorated, and American and Cuban flags were prominent in display. Citizens crowded the streets with joy and gladness on their faces because of our return.

VI.

RECEPTION AT PLATTSBURGH.

ON arriving at the barraek grounds we found the road lined on both sides with several hundred recruits, who had enlisted while the regiment had been away, and as we marched by they presented arms. Arriving at the mess hall we found to our astonishment that the ladies of Plattsburgh had prepared a grand dinner for the officers and men. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and when we had all been seated at the different tables, the following formal written message was presented by Dr. Madden of Plattsburgh, Chairman of Citizens' Executive Committee.

“ Officers and men of the 21st Regiment of Infantry:

For almost five months the citizens of



Guard House and Quarters at Plattsburg Barracks.

the City of Plattsburgh watched your fortunes with anxious solicitude. For you, we have dreaded, hoped, feared and exulted; and from your intrepid behavior, we have all felt ourselves entitled to distinction. Heroism is always associated with the pathetic, and now that the perils of war are passed, the joy of the welcome, which it is our distinguished privilege to give to you, is tinged with solemnity. It is prompted not only by that universal and enthusiastic sentiment of admiration and gratitude which to-day is swelling in every American heart, but also by that nearer personal attachment developed through years of association with you, during which time you have become the recipients of our trust, our respect, our honor and our affection. As you return with ranks depleted from the withering blast of battle and the wasting breath of disease, our huzzas for your gallantry are tempered by minor tones of grief at the losses and sacrifices you have undergone. We exult in your triumphs, but we sorrow at your

sufferings. We rejoice in your return, but we mourn for the men as brave as you who met their death in Cuban thicket, or in distant hospitals, and for those men, your comrades whom reduced from the strength of manhood to infant helplessness, you have left behind. Words themselves are totally inadequate to fully express the depth and sincerity of our greetings. We have sought a more substantial means than that of hackneyed phrase. We ask you to behold it in flushed cheek and kindling eye, to hear it in the welcoming cheer and individual congratulations, to feel it in the warm hand grasp, and to enjoy it in all the attentions, which we are proud to bestow upon you in recognition of the dangerous service you have done."

To this beautiful address Captain Ebstein made the following reply:—

“On behalf of the officers and men of the 21st Infantry, I return the sincere thanks of all for the magnificent reception

extended to us on our return from the campaign in Cuba. It was indeed a glorious homecoming, the generous, bountiful and sincere welcome you extended to us has touched us deeply, and makes us more in love with Plattsburgh and its patriotic citizens than ever. God bless you all!"

After this reply dinner was served to us by the ladies, and I assure you that every one enjoyed the bountiful feast which had been prepared for us.

Many of the Rouses Point people as well as the Rouses Point band boys, had come to Plattsburgh to welcome us. Of course I knew them all and it was a very pleasant occasion for me. After having partaken of the delicious dinner we were given our liberty for the afternoon. Many of the boys, including myself, took advantage of the time off and attended the county fair, which was being held at Plattsburgh that week. I went along with some of the Rouses Point band boys, as they were not to leave until the night train. They were all very kind to me, and would not allow

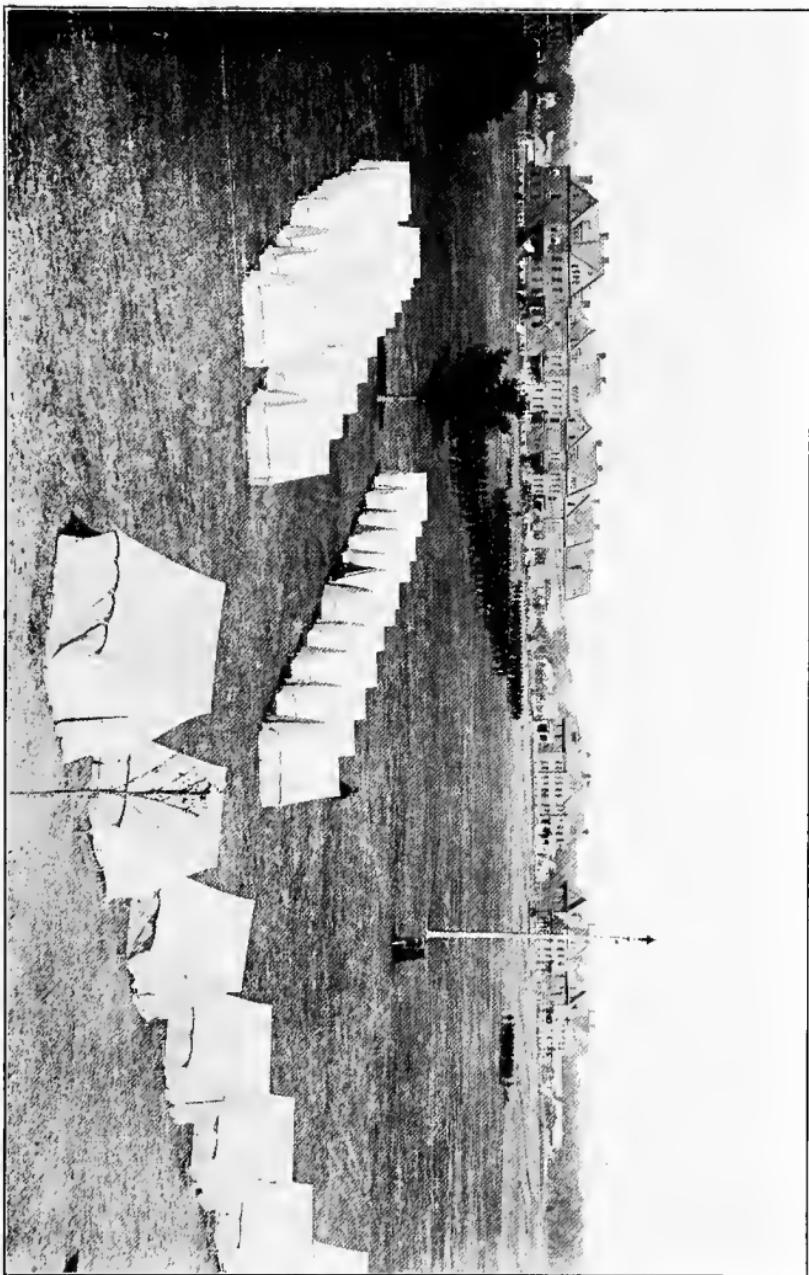
me to spend any of my money. Of course I appreciated that very much because my funds were not very large.

After an enjoyable time at the fair I started for the Barracks and my friends went to the station, where they were to leave for home.

That same night I witnessed a beautiful display of fireworks given on the parade grounds. I did not stay up very late, but retired early that evening, as I was completely tired out after the excitement of the past few days.

All of the recruits who had enlisted during the absence of the regiment had pitched their wall tents on the parade grounds, and we occupied the old and new quarters. In fact, everything was made as comfortable as possible because we needed a good rest.

In the meantime some of my friends who knew Captain Bonsteel, who was company commander, had asked him to grant me a few days' leave of absence to visit my home town. Very shortly thereafter through their intercession and the aid of First Sergeant Cassemeyer, I was granted seven days leave of ab-



Parade Grounds at Plattsburgh Barracks.

sence, and immediately took the train for Rouses Point. The reception received by me when I arrived there is something that I will never forget.

I was met at the Delaware & Hudson station, very much to my surprise, by the home band, and the whole town had turned out to greet me. Mr. Joseph Tourville, a prominent citizen, had his carriage at the station at my disposal. I was escorted through the main streets, the band following and playing national airs. This procession continued until we reached my father's store, where a reception was held. I then received congratulations and hand-shakes from all my friends. The buildings were decorated with colored lights, and fire-works were prominently and gorgeously in display. I can appreciate that this reception was due to the fact that there was much excitement in this country on account of a war which seemed to be important to the nation, and that I was the only person from town who had been engaged in the Spanish-American War.

After this reception at the store I went directly home, being very tired, where my dear,

good mother had prepared an excellent lunch for me. I was not feeling extremely well, and did not eat very much. It seemed good to be able to retire in my own bed and I enjoyed a good night's rest. The next morning I was up early, and after eating a hearty breakfast I went to the village and called on my friends. I was not allowed to remain idle very long because they kept me busy answering all kinds of questions about the war. I remained at home only five days because I was not feeling well, and continued to grow worse every day. I decided to return to Plattsburgh without any delay, and upon my return there I was taken to the Post hospital with an attack of malarial fever, attended by a very high temperature. I had never been sick before, but I certainly was making up for it at this time. The hospital was crowded, and nearly every bed had been taken up with the sick. After three weeks of excellent care I commenced to feel better, and was soon well enough to return to my company for duty.

Up to this time the guard duty had been done by the recruits who had enlisted to go



Main Street, Rouses Point, N. Y.

to the Philippines, but we soon were all well enough to do our share of the guard duty. During the rest of 1898 and 1899 we were all kept busy drilling.

Many of the soldiers took advantage of General Order No. 40 "That all men who had enlisted at the time war was declared had the privilege to leave the army," but I did not care to take advantage of this order. I did not wish to take my discharge, as I knew that my regiment was soon to leave for the Philippines, and I was anxious and willing to do more service. I had to sign certain papers declaring my intention to remain with the army until the expiration of my term, which was three years, but many took advantage of the order and returned to their homes.

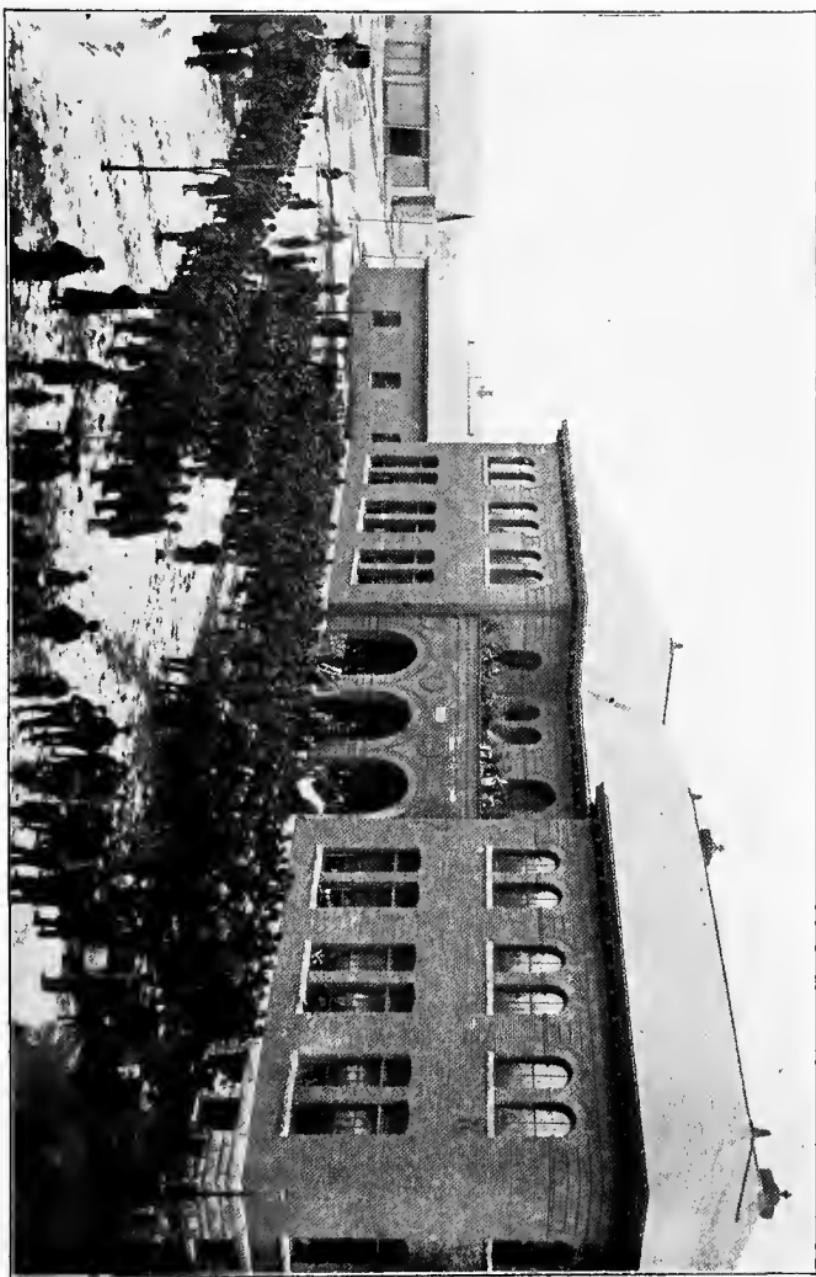
During the winter the drilling was done in the basement of the different company quarters. Once a week we had a musical drill at the drill hall, the regimental band furnishing the music for the purpose.

On the 22nd day of February, 1899, a marble slab which had been presented to the regiment by the Plattsburgh Institute was in-

laid on the side of the Administration building at Plattsburgh Barracks, on which was inscribed the names of those who fell at Santiago de Cuba, men who were in the 21st Infantry. The ceremonies of the unveiling of this memorial were very impressive, and largely attended by many citizens of Plattsburgh, as well as all the members of the regiment. The following are the names of those inscribed on the marble slab:—

William Davis, Company A: Fred Weis hart, Company A: Edward Plaude, Company E: Robert McClatchey, Company C: Benjamin Boling, Company F: Albert Tomkinson, Company C:

I spent a very pleasant winter at the Post before leaving for the Philippines because we had very little guard duty to do, or what is termed in army talk as "nights in."



Traveling of the Soldiers Memorial at the Administration Building, Plattsburg, N. Y.

VII.

ORDERED TO THE PHILIPPINES.

THE regiment now numbered about 1350 men, which was about the full strength. In March 1899, word came that we were soon to leave for the Far East. It did not take long for the news to spread, but we were unable to ascertain the exact date that we might be expected to leave, and it was somewhat of a suspense to wait for orders.

Most of the soldiers who had been confined to the hospital were able to be out at this time. In the latter part of March we received official orders to leave for the seat of the war, the date of our leaving being set as April 10th, 1899. The time intervening passed away very quickly.

A few weeks before our orders came for our departure, passes were issued for those who wished to visit their homes, especially to those

who did not live far distant from the Post. Of course I wanted to see my parents and friends again, and made application for a leave of absence, which was granted to me. I remained about two days at home, and after once again bidding farewell to my people I returned to Plattsburgh.

When I returned to the Barracks only a few days remained to pack up and make ready for our departure. There had already been placed on the side track near the Post a freight train for our accommodation. On Sunday, the 9th of April, orders were given to load all baggage into the freight train, leaving with us only our knapsacks and haversacks. Our knapsacks were made of heavy canvas, and were suitable for carrying blankets, shoes, stockings, underwear, and other small articles that we might wish to have along with us. The haversacks were made of the same material and about the same style, but much smaller. They are used mostly to carry food, cooking utensils, and knives and forks. The knapsack is carried on the back and affixed by means of straps going over the shoulders, while the



General Roll Call of the 21st Infantry Before Boarding the Train for the Philippines,
April 10, 1899.

haversack is placed on the left side, supported by straps, with a drinking-cup hanging from the outside.

On the afternoon of April 10th orders were given to form into companies and line up on the parade ground in front of the new quarters. As we assembled there were twelve companies and the band.

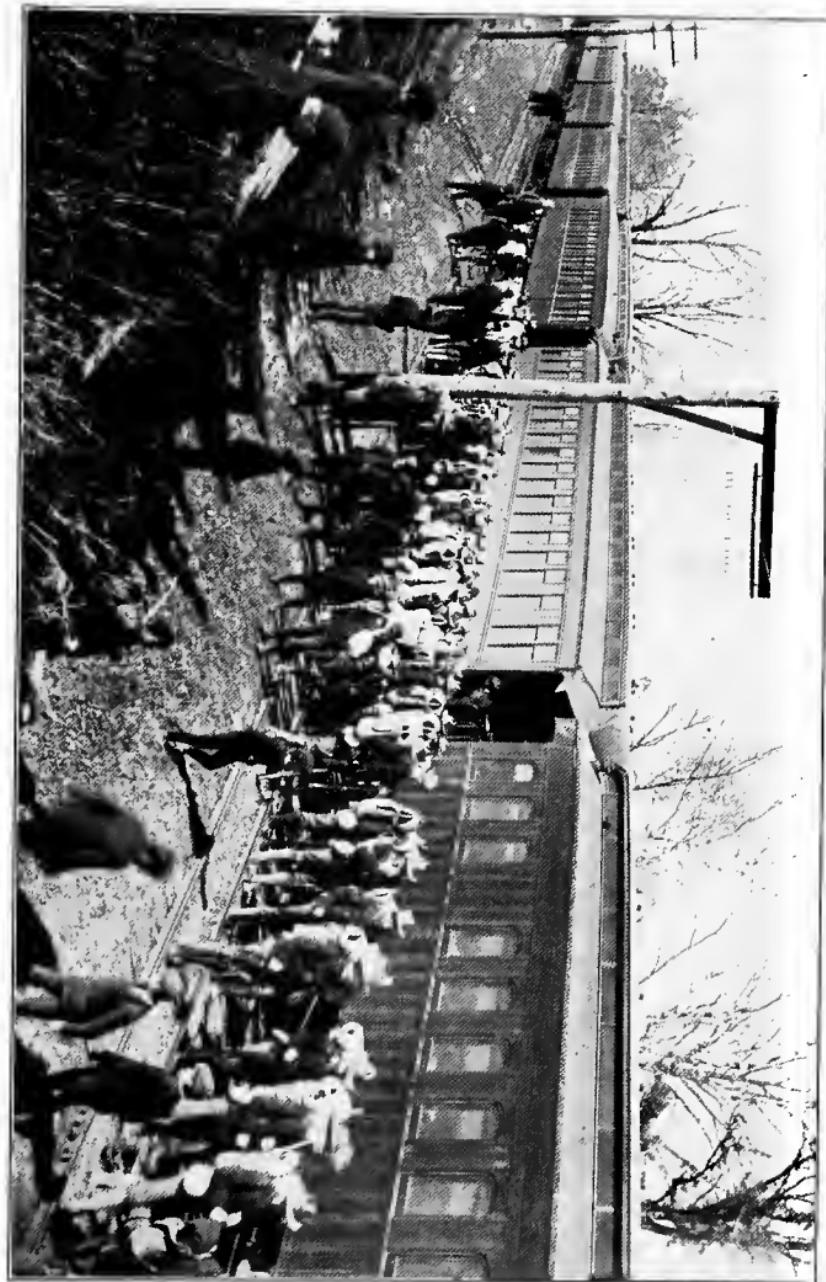
A general roll-call was then given to make sure that every one was present. It was a fine day for this work, and it certainly was a grand as well as a thrilling sight to see 1350 soldiers lined up. Colonel Kline gave the command to march, and headed by the band we proceeded to the train.

The following were the names of the officers of the 21st Infantry when we left for the Philippines:

Colonel Jacob Kline, Command; Capt. C. M. Truitt, Adjutant; Capt. L. J. Hearn, Quartermaster; Lieut. F. H. Lawton, Acting Commissary. First Battalion—Major W. H. Boyle, Commanding; Lieut. Peter Murray, Adjutant. Co. B, Lieut. R. H. Van Deman, Lieut. E. T. Conley. Co. F, Capt. H. L.

Bailey. Co. C, Lieut. J. J. O'Connell, Lieut. W. M. Fassett. Co. L, Lieut. M. M. Weeks. Second Battalion—Capt. F. E. Eltonhead, Commanding, Lieut. Lutz Wahl, Adjutant. Co. D, Capt. F. E. Elton, Lieut. Anton Springer. Co. K, Lieut. H. Clement, Lieut. E. A. Bumpus. Co. H, Capt. A. L. Parmen-
ter, Lieut. J. M. Love, Jr. Co. I, Lieut. W. H. Mullay, Lieut. A. H. Haguet. Third Battalion—Capt. C. H. Bonesteel, Command-
ing, Lieutenant W. H. Morrow, Adjutant. Co. G, Captain C. Bonesteel, Lieut. D. G. Spurgin. Co. M, Capt. J. S. Parke, Jr., Lieut. C. R. Ramsay. Co. E, Capt. E. W. McCaskey, Lieut P. A. Connolly. Co. A, Lieut. F. K. Meade. Medical Officers—Major W. P. Kendall, Lieut. H. M. Wetherill, Asst. Acting Sergeant J. H. Hepburn.

The freight train had already pulled out and was on its way. Sleeping coaches had been placed at our disposal. Our train consisted of three sections of Wagner sleeping cars. A large number of people had gathered to see us depart, and again we experienced one of the sad features of military life. It indeed is sad



21st Infantry Boarding the Train for the Philippines, April 10, 1899.

to see wives, mothers and sweethearts of soldier boys bid farewell to each other. In many instances it meant farewell for the last time. None of us knew whether we would ever see the loved ones that were being left behind, but the chance of surviving is one of the hazards of war, and it must be undertaken by one who is a member of the army.

My father and brothers were there to see me off, but I kept up my courage and did not let them notice that I was somewhat sad.

The first section finally started, and the other two followed close behind, and as we left the people of Plattsburgh again showed us the same spirit of patriotism that had welcomed us home upon our return from Cuba.

We certainly were well taken care of all along the journey, having good beds and excellent food. In fact we were given oranges every day, which was something new in army life.

I will not undertake to name all the towns and cities we stopped at along the route, but I will name some of the larger ones. The second section, which conveyed our company, stopped

for water at Port Henry, and then stopped again at Whitehall, at which place I met my cousins who knew that I was on the train. After a few minutes' delay at Whitehall for orders and change of engine we were again on our way.

Discipline had to be maintained on the train as well as at the Barracks. We all had guard duty to perform. Food was given to us in our seats, accompanied by a hot cup of good coffee. Each section had two baggage cars where all the cooking was done on stoves set up for that purpose.

When we reached Jamestown, New York, on the following day the people there had gathered at the station prepared to give us a royal send-off. A fife and drum corps made up of Civil War Veterans were there and rendered appropriate music. The ladies threw flowers and cigarettes to us, and in return asked for souvenirs, such as buttons, cross-guns, etc. We were given similar receptions all along the route of travel, and of course all of the boys enjoyed them, which seemed to be a real novelty. Finally we reached Chicago and remained

there five hours. We did not know at what moment we might leave, and that made it necessary for the boys to keep close to the cars, thereby depriving us of a ramble through the city. However, many people had gathered near the train, and we had an enjoyable time jollying with them. They were all very nice to us. The next place of importance reached by our train was the city of Omaha, Nebraska. When we reached there the weather was considerably warmer, and it was somewhat uncomfortable in the coaches. The evenings were very cool. Cheyenne was the next large town that we came to. Here the soldiers were allowed to leave the train for a few hours. I took advantage of the time for the purpose of sending postal cards home. At the store where I bought the postals I offered in payment a Canadian bill, which is very common to people of northern New York. I was greatly amazed when the clerk refused to accept it, saying that he had never seen such a bill before, and believed that it was no good. However, another person in the store overheard the conversation, and advised me to go across to a national bank,

which was on the opposite side of the street, and there my money would be exchanged. I followed the suggestion, and was charged 10 per cent discount for the exchange.

Fortunately for us we reached most of the large cities and towns in the daytime, and thereby it made the journey much pleasanter. It was somewhat tedious and lonesome passing across the prairies where nothing could be seen but sand, which blew through the car windows, and made the travel unpleasant and dirty.

Then we came to the "Thousand Mile Tree" which tourists always look for on the way. Entering the first narrows of the canyon the "Thousand Mile Tree" is passed, a thrifty branching pine, bearing on its trunk a sign-board, which tells the western bound traveller that he has passed over one thousand miles of railway from Omaha.

This living milestone of Nature's planting has long marked this place. It stood there for years before the hardy Mormons passed down this wild gorge. Below this tree the cars cross a trestle bridge to the left banks of the Weber. Thence we proceeded down a short distance

and again crossed another trestle bridge to the right-hand side. Almost opposite the bridge on the side of the mountains to the left can be seen the Devil's Slide, or serrated rocks. This slide is composed of two granite rocks, reaching from the river nearly to the summit of a sloping grass-clad mountain. These slabs are narrow, standing on edge as though forced out of the mountain side, and are from fifty to two hundred feet high. The two edges run parallel with each other, about ten feet apart, the space between being covered with grass, wild flowers and climbing vines. I had often heard of the Devil's Slide, but was surprised to see how even these rocks run alongside of each other. As the train was not moving very rapidly I was given a better opportunity of observing somewhat closely these points of interest.

We then came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where our train passed through forty miles of continuous snow sheds. The roof of these snow sheds was covered with snow most of the time. Riding through these sheds was not very pleasant because the track was partly covered with water, which came from the melt-

ing snow, and thereby made it very damp and chilly. In fact, I caught a slight cold, but it was only of short duration.

However, the scenery soon changed, for it did not take long to reach California where everything was in bloom. As our train passed along on a very high elevation we could look down into the valley below and see for miles around. Everything seemed to be in blossom, and was much in contrast to what we had just passed through.

VIII.

ARRIVAL AT MANILA.

ARRIVING at Oakland, which is just across from San Francisco, our train was run to the railroad ferry, and then taken to the city. Our trip on the water was of short duration. When we arrived there a large crowd of people with several bands met and escorted us to the wharf where the transport "Hancock" lay. This was the ship on which we were to sail for the Philippines. As we had to stay here over night many of the soldiers changed their minds of a sudden and deserted on account of homesickness. This form of sickness is of very common occurrence among recruits.

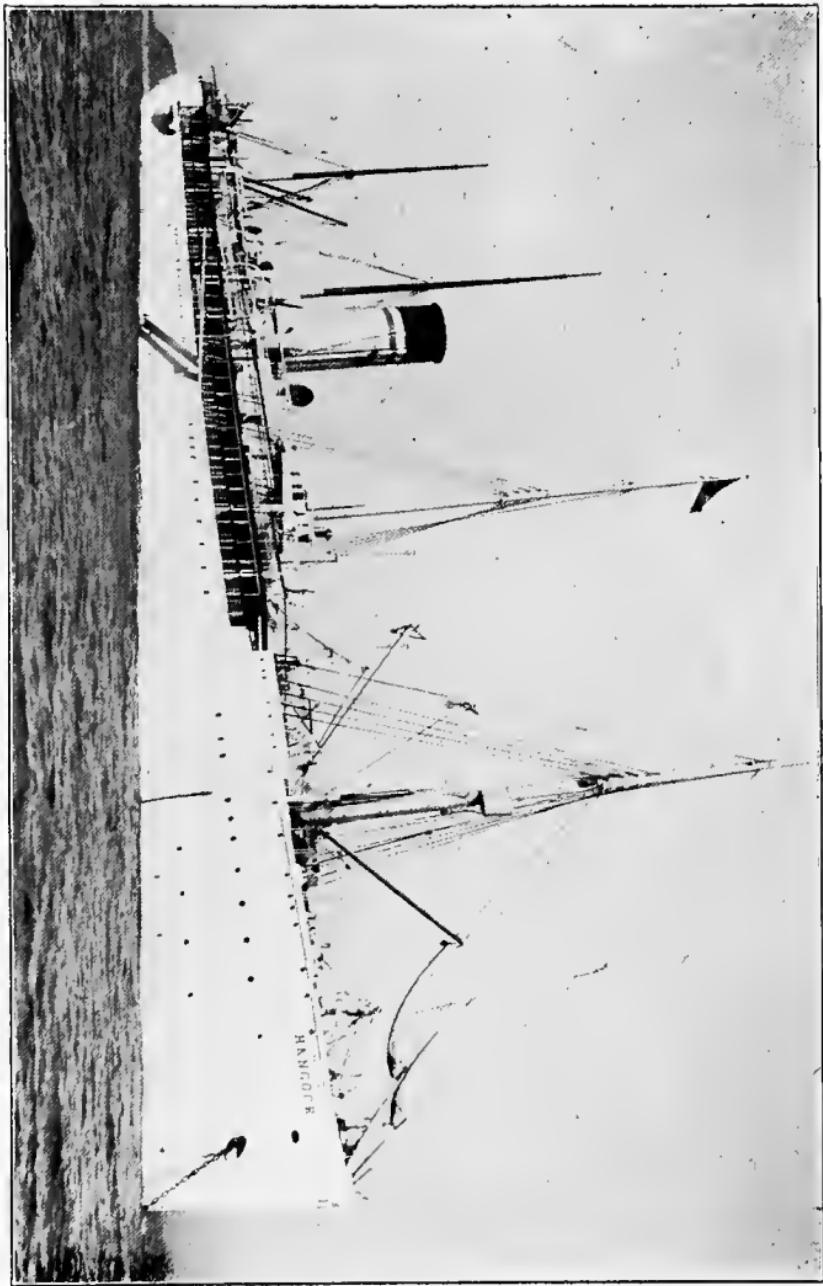
The freight train that had left Plattsburgh a day ahead of us, carrying all the baggage, had already been unloaded at the wharf, and lay alongside of the transport. All this baggage had to be loaded on the boat by the sol-

diers. This was somewhat of a difficult task, at least I thought so, and we worked hard until four o'clock the next day to accomplish this work. Some of the boys went out for a good time that night and came back not feeling very well. As for myself, I stayed on board and had a good rest. I had often read about the wonderful climate of California, and it certainly is great.

The "Hancock" was complete with all its crew and freight, and the regiment was now ready to sail. We started out of the harbor on the morning of April 17th at about eight o'clock. Our band was playing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," a fitting tribute to the beautiful country we were leaving behind. As we passed on through the "Golden Gate" onto the deep blue sea, whose mysteries were strange to us, and took a last glance of the country that was so dear to each and every one of us, our feelings gave way to tears. We did not know but what we were going to "that land from which no traveller e'er returns."

The "Hancock" was at that time the fastest transport in the service. Her speed was from

The Transport Hancock on Which the 21st Infantry Sailed to the Philippines.



seventeen to nineteen knots per hour. Her length was about four hundred and eight feet, and when she left San Francisco there were on board 1660 men. It was somewhat crowded, but each company was allotted a small space on the deck. At meal times we all had to line up and pass the kitchen, where we received our rations. Some of the soldiers found fault with the food, but I thought it was very good considering all of the conditions. The drinking water was bad on account of it being condensed, and placed in metal tanks on the decks where it was exposed to the hot sun. The water seemed to taste oily. But with all of these discomforts we enjoyed ourselves, as the band gave concerts on the upper deck every night that the weather would permit. We also had drilling every day, which gave us some excitement.

The sea was rather rough in some places, and it was amusing to watch some of the boys scramble when the high waves would wash over the decks. Every day we would take shower baths, so we kept ourselves clean at least. The berths were arranged below the decks in tiers

of three high and two wide. The bottoms were made of heavy canvas, on which we also used our blankets and a pillow, which made a very comfortable bed.

After we had been sailing for about five days the engines of the transport got out of order and we were obliged to stop for repairs, which delayed us some time. As the seas were running very high at the time it made it somewhat unpleasant for a while. The wind soon went down and everything became quiet and calm.

Some of the boys had great sport fishing for sharks. Most always sharks follow a ship at sea. Fishing for sharks is accomplished by placing a large piece of meat on a large hook, such as are used in butcher shops to hang meat on. To this hook a long rope is attached, which answers as a line. Then the meat and hook are thrown overboard into the sea.

Shortly after we had done this we felt some tugging, and noticed that the rope was tightening. Sure enough a huge shark had swallowed the hook, meat and all, and it certainly did pull. It was no easy task to haul it on

deck on account of its heavy weight, but with the aid of several soldiers we finally succeeded in landing it. We had to take a turn around the mast with the rope and pull gradually. At last we succeeded in landing it on deck. It measured nine feet long and weighed about four hundred pounds. Our next trouble was experienced in killing the shark. This was accomplished by cutting off a part of the tail, which caused it to bleed to death. The meat is not considered good to eat, but the Chinamen who were employed on the transport, seemed to like it and ate it with much relish. The joints in the small part of the tail were taken out, and we cut small rings from them with little work. We sent them home as souvenirs of a shark which we had killed at sea. That same day we caught another shark in the same manner, but the second one was not quite as large as the first. While this shark fishing was going on our engines had been repaired, and were again in working order. Once more we started on our long voyage, but our boat had drifted out of its course during the day, and made the route somewhat more distant.

Some of our boys had been taken sick with fever and other diseases, and we had the misfortune to lose two soldiers on the way over. One was a member of Company E and the other a fellow by the name of Joseph Chevalier, who died of brain fever. I have heard since that he was a relative of Mr. Chevalier, who was at one time Superintendent of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad Company. The ceremonies at the burial of these two were very impressive. As the transport was not equipped for keeping the dead at that time, the bodies had to be thrown overboard.

At the burial the ship came to a full stop, and the bodies one by one were placed on the lower deck with weights attached to their legs. Each body was wrapped in canvas, tightly fastened, and then was placed on a wide board and taken to the side of the boat with the feet facing outward towards the water. An American flag was also placed over them. The captain then read a few verses from the Bible and a prayer was offered, and after these solemn services were over, the bodies were slid from under the American flag into the water. As

the bodies struck the water hundreds of sharks could be seen about the place where the bodies fell. The effect on the soldiers was very marked, and many of the men and officers shed tears at the burial.

The route to the Philippines was much shorter than the other boats had taken because we did not go by way of Honolulu, but took a much more direct course. This did not please the boys very much because they wanted to see the beautiful island of Hawaii.

An interesting fact that was called to our attention on the way over was the international boundary line which marks the change of time, and makes a difference of one day in going to the Philippines.

On the way over I saw several whales from a distance. It certainly is a grand sight to see these huge fish swish about in the water.

After we had been about fifteen days at sea our attention was called to the group of Bonin Islands, one of which is an enormous rock, rising from the sea at an angle of about seventy degrees. It is said to be about 2800 feet in height. At a distance of about sixty miles we

could plainly see it, but the nearest that our ship got to this rock was seven miles. My attention was attracted mostly to the sun setting just behind the rock. The sun was red and showed its different colors on the huge rock, making a very picturesque sight.

At last we arrived at Manila Bay on the 13th day of May, which was just one year from the date of my enlistment. As we entered the harbor I noticed Corregidor Island and the large Spanish guns that Admiral Dewey had silenced with his fleet during the battle of Manila Bay. Corregidor Island is very high and precipitous, lying one mile from shore and directly in the mouth of the entrance to the Bay. This entrance is about six miles wide, and the island in some places rises to a height of about six hundred feet. Crown-ing the crest was a modern battery of big Krupp guns that were stated to be the best ship destroyers in the world. Five miles across in the mainland is the rock mounted battery of El Fraile, and at a distance we could see the city of Manila from the harbor. The buildings and the people in small fish-

ing boats around the Bay all seemed strange to us, and it was so much different than what I had witnessed in Cuba, and of course these scenes had a queer impression on me.

To the right of us as we proceeded into the harbor I could see the town of Cavite, at which place there was a dry dock for the repair of ships. A large arsenal was also built at this place.

We were all anxious to land, for the voyage had been so long, and most of the boys had had a touch of sickness. I had also suffered somewhat from sickness on the way over.

The "Hancock" had to anchor in the Bay, as it was too large to come alongside the docks of Pasig River. The Pasig River was filled with steamers that plied between Oriental ports. This river is only of moderate depth, and was constantly choked with small craft, and larger ships were compelled to discharge and load on the bay.

While we were there in the harbor waiting for the cascoes to take us ashore we could easily see the Spanish gun-boats that had been sunk by Dewey's fleet, the "Costella," "Don Juan

de Austria," "Don Antonia de Ulloa," "Isle de Cnba," "El Cano," "Isle de Luzon," which was raised later on, and the flag-ship "Reina Cristina." All of these ships lay at the bottom of the Bay and only the stacks and masts could be seen, while others that had been sunk nearer the shore exhibited part of their hulls. Not far from our transport was anchored Dewey's fleet of warships. These were the ships that had silenced the guns of Correggidor Island, and destroyed the Spanish fleet.

The soldiers all had to be taken on caseoes and towed by steamboats ashore, and were finally landed in the city of Manila. Here we had a good view of the entrance to the Pasig River. We proceeded directly to the lunetta, which we in English would call a park. This faced the harbor, and the location could not be improved upon. As the day was beautiful we enjoyed pitching our camp.

Before retiring that night I heard some one singing and playing a piano, and as the building where the music came from was not far from the camp I ventured near, and saw that it was a Spanish lady singing in Spanish. Of



Battery on Corregidor Island That Dewey Silenced, May 1, 1898.

course I could not understand the words, but the music and singing was sweet and cheerful. Many of the boys listened to it with great attention. It made us all think of home.

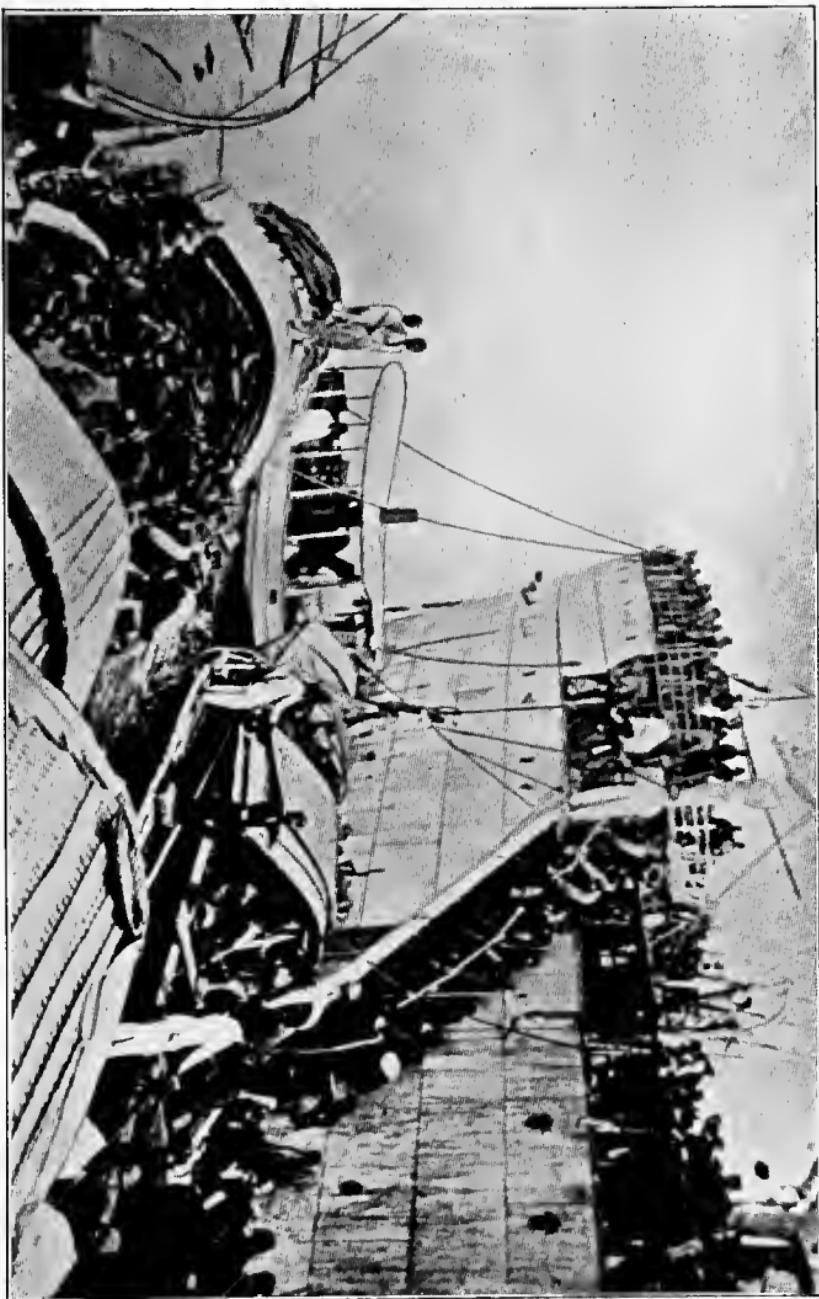
After listening to the music for some time we proceeded to return to our camping place, and made our beds on the ground with our blankets. We were all very tired, and it did not take long for us to fall asleep. The next morning we were up and around at an early hour because we wanted to go about the city and see things, but much to our regret we were not allowed to leave the camp, as the commanding officer did not know at what moment we would receive orders to leave.

IX.

AT EL DEPOSOTO.

Most of the volunteer regiments that had been in the Philippines and that had done much fighting and seen hard service received orders to leave. They were to be replaced by regulars. Our regiment was then furnished with water buffaloes and carts, together with six Chinamen to every company. These Chinamen took charge of transporting all of the baggage from one camp to another, and also carried along our provisions.

From the "Lunetta" we marched on four miles to a place called El Deposoto. The road was very bad, and it being an exceptionally hot day, it was very tiresome walking. Some of the soldiers who were new members of the company had forgotten to fill their canteens before they left, and soon felt the want of water. We were told by the officers to deprive ourselves of



Disembarking of Troops on the Bay, Manila, P. I.

a little water so that what we had would last us until we reached El Deposoto. We arrived there at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and immediately quenched our thirst. We had all the water that we could drink, as there was plenty of the sparkling fluid there for all of us. At this place we relieved the 24th Infantry, which was a colored regiment.

The building at El Deposoto is a large two-story structure, facing the road, with a wide veranda in front running the whole length. It was shaped like most of the Spanish buildings, and from its appearance looked very ancient. It was built of stone, and at the rear of the building there was about ten acres of land with numerous subterranean tunnels, about seven or eight feet in height. These tunnels were made of cement, and were always filled with water furnished through pipes from the pumping station located four miles away, at the Mariquina River. This was reserved water for the city of Manila. Every few feet apart openings were made at the top of these tunnels, and stone stairs led to the water's edge underground, at the end of which were iron

gates. One could stand at the bottom of these stairs and see the water in these underground canals. This water was very cool and clear.

To the right of this building was a beautiful garden of flowers, all fenced in by a high iron fence. The fragrance from the flowers was carried quite a distance about, which made the air sweet scented.

Our camp at this place was very good, but the guard and patrol duty was exceedingly difficult. It was located not far from an old Catholic Church, which was occupied by a volunteer regiment. At the rear of this church was a graveyard with vaults made of very thick sealed walls. Some of the soldiers had broken the seals, and exposed some of the bodies that had not been there very long, and the odor that came from them was altogether unpleasant. Not only was the odor unpleasant, but we were in danger of having disease spread among us, and this compelled us to cover the bodies.

Every night thirty-four privates and four non-commissioned officers mounted guard duty. This gave us only one night in.

On the evening of the 16th of May Com-



Entrance of the Pasig River, P. I.

pany E of the 21st Infantry, which had been guarding the rear of El Deposoto near the Mariquina road, was attacked by a small band of Insurgents. Our boys responded to the fire, and the attacking party was soon driven away. How these Insurgents managed to sneak through the lines is still a mystery. During this attack one of our soldiers was wounded in the hip. The bullet struck his bayonet which hung at his side, and shattered the wooden and metal parts of the bayonet, so that an ugly but not a fatal wound was made. Altogether the firing did not last over twenty minutes.

The water works I have mentioned were located about four miles from El Deposoto, and the road between these two places had to be guarded by means of patrol during the night. Our regiment covered one-half of the distance and the Wyoming Volunteer Regiment the remaining distance. The pipe which furnished the water to the depository lay on top of the ground from the water works to the Deposoto, and the duty of the patrol was to keep a close lookout so that the pipe line would not be

broken by insurgents. Of course this pipe line had to be guarded during the day as well as at night.

I will endeavor to explain the manner in which this pipe line was guarded. Four privates would start out at the same time from each end of the route, two from the 21st Infantry and the same number from the Wyoming Regiment, keeping about ten feet apart. The patrol who arrived first at what had been marked as the meeting-place had to wait for the others to arrive, and then a report was made as to whether or not everything was clear.

Before we arrived at our meeting-place on the patrol line we had to cross San Juan Bridge, from which the first shot from the Americans was fired by Private Grayson of the Nebraska Regiment of Volunteers. His shot was returned by a volley from the insurgents' outpost of this place. It was this firing which set the ball rolling. This occurred on the night of February 4th, 1899.

A short distance away on top of a small hill was an old powder mill, which the Spaniards operated before the war. The San Juan



The El Deposito, P. I.

Bridge was not very large, and crossed a small creek which was the principal watering place for the carabos on the way from Manila to the water-works.

The pipe line ran on top of the bridge, as you will notice by the accompanying cut.

Some may not understand how the patrol at each end could start at the same time. A telegraph line had been laid from General Hall's quarters at Deposoto to the water works, and by the use of this line they would know just at what time we would leave. In about fifteen minutes thereafter two more men would leave, so that twelve men were always on the road.

While I was on this patrol duty a few nights after our arrival a very funny incident occurred. I was about one mile from camp with my companion in arms. He was walking about ten feet to the rear. Suddenly I was halted by him, and he called my attention to what appeared to be a Filipino hiding in one of the banana trees alongside of the road. The wind was blowing very lightly, the moon was clouded a little, and things were not as bright as they might be. As soon as my eyes saw this

supposed man in the tree I immediately crouched, bringing my rifle in position to fire, and kept on walking. We hid ourselves as much as possible on the side of the road, and when within a few feet of the tree I discovered that it was only the leaves stirring back and forth on account of the wind. No Filipino was there. By this you can easily understand just how we had to be constantly on guard. When we arrived back to the camp I related the experience to the boys, who were greatly amused, and they all had a good laugh at my companion as well as myself.

One day we received the news that Admiral Dewey was going to visit the water works, and of course we were all anxious to see him, as he was soon to leave for the States.

In a few days this report was found to be true, when we noticed a carriage coming up the road. It was something new to see a carriage at this place, and we felt sure that it was the Admiral. We were correct in our belief because in a few minutes the carriage stopped, and out stepped the "Hero of Manila Bay." He had come to make a call on Brigadier Gen-

San Juan Bridge, Tivon Which the First shot was Fired, Feb. 4, 1899.



eral Hall. We were called to order and presented arms. I had an opportunity of getting a good look at Admiral Dewey. His appearance did not indicate that he was very well. No doubt this was due to the fact that he had been doing some hard work.

At night when we were not on guard duty we would pass away the time reading by candle-light. One candle was allowed to each tent, and this had to last three days. Some of the boys were good singers, and occasionally we were entertained with songs.

It was while at Deposoto that Lieutenant Spurgin of my company received the sad cable-gram that his wife had died at Plattsburgh, New York. I was walking post that night, and had to go by his tent several times. On one occasion as I was passing by some one spoke my name, and turning around I saw Lieutenant Spurgin. As I approached him he asked me to give him a drink of water from my canteen. I quickly complied with his request. It certainly was pitiful to see him. He was taking his loss very much to heart, and the soldiers were very much affected by the sad oc-

casion which had befallen him. This lieutenant was very popular with the men under him because he was very kind and thoughtful for their welfare, and had shown his kindness of heart throughout the Cuban campaign.

In the latter part of May we received orders to move on to the water works and relieve the regiment that had been doing hard duty at that point for two months past. They were certainly a happy bunch when it was announced to them that the 21st was to relieve them. At this time the volunteers were all leaving the Island, much to their satisfaction and pleasure. Too much praise cannot be given to the volunteers for they proved themselves to be good soldiers. I had the pleasure of knowing some of them very intimately, and they proved to be true friends. As their regiment left the camp we gave them a good send-off.

In July we marched to the water works, or pumping station as it was called, eight miles from the city of Manila. The Mariquina River, from which the city was supplied with



Admiral Dewey Taken at Manila, P. I.

water, was only four hundred yards from where we pitched our tents. Our camp was located on an elevation which was higher than the pumping station, and we could easily look over the Mariquina valley, which extended four miles to the foot of the mountains. At night we could see the insurgents signalling to each other by means of lights at different places along the foot of these mountains. By means of these lights they could locate each other along their lines. This was done along their lines for several miles.

Rice fields could be seen all through the valley for a great distance. The fields were not cultivated at this particular time, but were flooded with water.

To the left of the pumping station on the other side of the river lay the town of San Mateo. It could easily be seen from the camp.

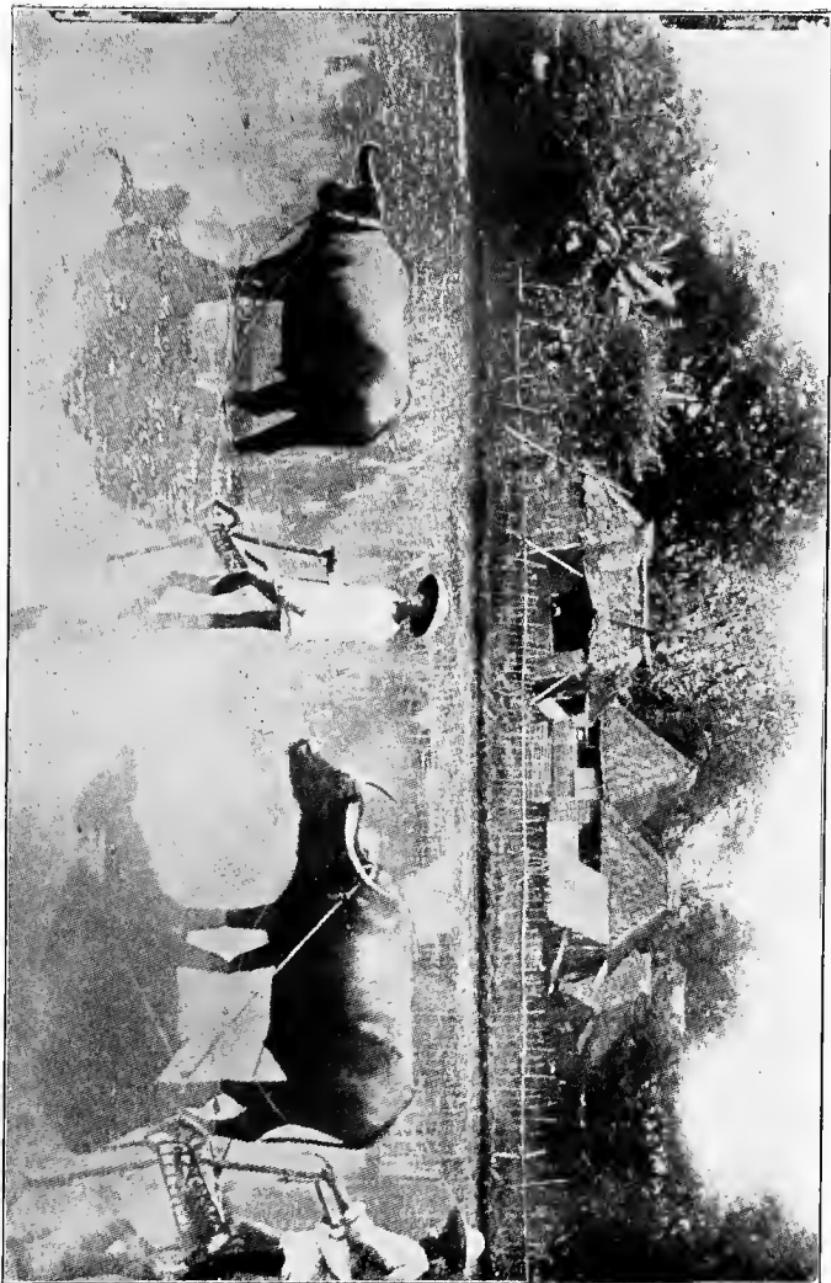
The guard duty which we had to do here was much different than what we had been doing at El Deposoto. We had to be more diligent because we were on the line. Two guns of the Third Artillery were placed close to a block-house, thus making a fortified stronghold.

There was not much danger of the enemy making an attack on us because their main force was fighting on the north side under the command of General Pio Del Pelar. But as it would only have taken a few insurgents to destroy the water plant, it became necessary to have this well guarded.

We all had picket duty to do, and this duty was extended all along the line in front of the camp. In my opinion the hardest duty we had was the visiting patrol. Every post had from three to four pickets, now a visiting patrol, who would start out every hour to these different posts to see if all was well. Of course this work had to be done at night as well as in the daytime, and it was no fun to find these posts in the dark. On one occasion I lost my way and it was only after some wandering that I came to the main road, and heard the guard walking back and forth.

All of the companies of the regiment did not go to the water works. Companies C, D, E, II, I and K were sent to Calamba, where they had already been engaged in several battles with the insurgents.

Cultivating Rice in the Philippines.



While I was at this camp I wrote several letters home to my anxious parents and friends, giving them all the news. I knew that they would be glad to hear from me.

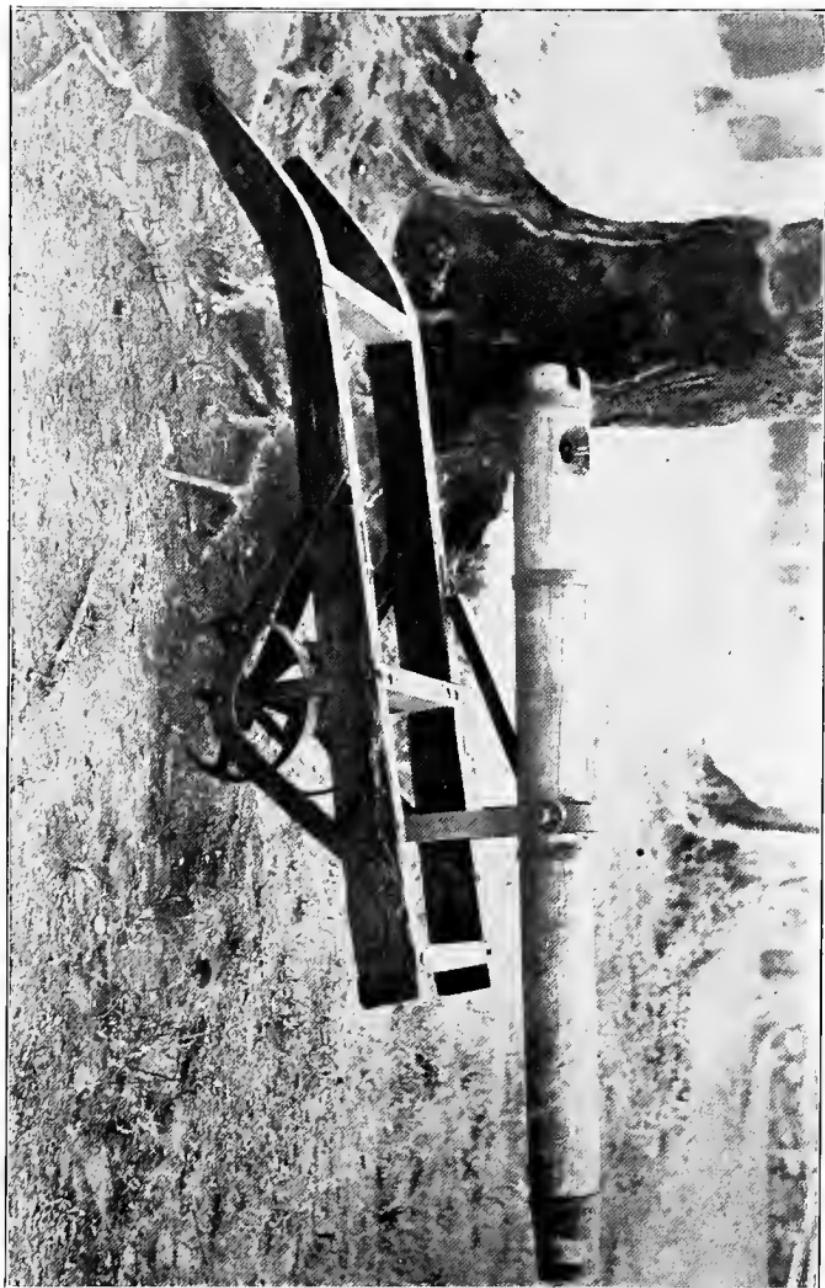
X.

BATTLE AT CALAMBA.

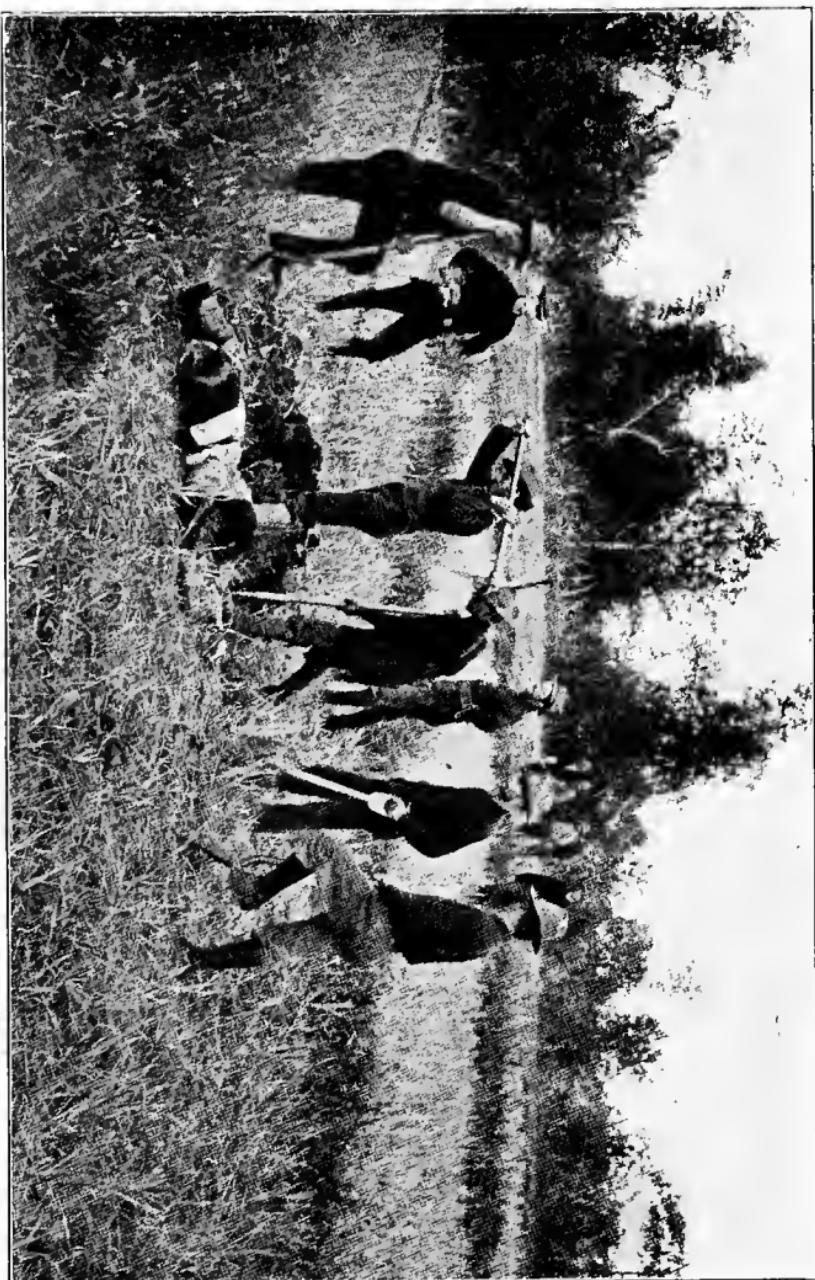
ON the fourth day of August seventy-eight men of Company G of the 21st Infantry and forty men from the 4th Cavalry started on a hike to a town called Tyatya, located eight miles across the Mariquina River. We took with us two days' food supply, as we did not know how long it would be before we came back to camp. It was expected that any moment we might engage the enemy because they had already made several attacks on one of our battalions at Morong, four miles south of Tyatya.

An advance guard was sent ahead of the main body about two hundred yards for the purpose of keeping a close lookout. This enabled us to be ready for any attack that might be made.

We reached the town late in the afternoon



A Cannon Made of Bamboo by the Filipinos.



Burial of a Filipino.

of the same day without coming in contact with the insurgents. We were compelled to march through rice fields, and as they were mostly covered with water, we became drenching wet, but as the sun was very hot it was not long before our clothes were dry.

At this place we rested, boiled some coffee, and had a good dinner. We bought fruit from the natives who seemed to be friendly to us. It was not good policy to trust the natives too much because some of our soldiers had found arms hidden in their homes.

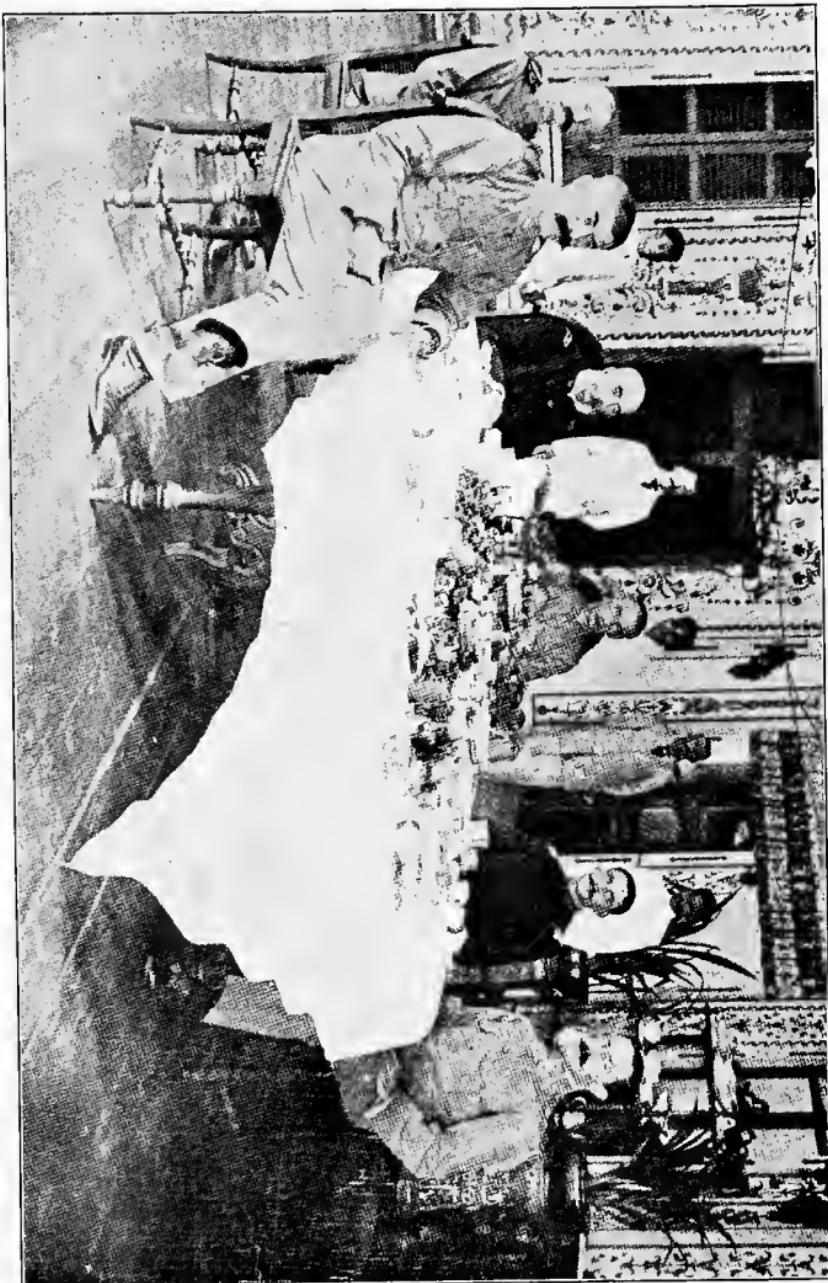
After examining the town and surroundings we started back to the water works, taking a different route. Of course everything was rather quiet around our camp, as the greater part of the fighting was at Calamba, which was held by Volunteers and Companies of the 21st Infantry.

In a few days another effort was made to locate the Filipinos. It was decided to march on to San Mateo, which was three miles across the river to the left of us. A few days before this hike some of the soldiers ventured near this place and were killed. I was not called upon

to take part in this expedition, but several members of my company were. Those who did not take part in the hike had to guard the camp. This expedition consisted of the following: four Troops of the 4th Cavalry, four Companies of the 21st Infantry, two Companies of the 29th Infantry, and three Companies of the 25th Colored Infantry. Although some of the boys had been killed at San Mateo, it was not expected that a pitched battle would be fought.

Our troops had arrived to within a short distance of the village when they were fired upon, and immediately a pitched battle took place. We could easily hear the firing, and located the place where they were fighting because the smoke could easily be seen from our camp overlooking the valley.

We heard afterwards that the insurgents had made ready for an attack, and gathered a large force there, which outnumbered the Americans. As our men had to advance in the open they could easily be seen. Five were killed and several wounded. The Filipinos were driven out of the town, but our soldiers had to return as we had no reinforcements, and



General Otis and Staff in Manila, P. I.

of course the water works were of more importance.

Another order was then received on August 15th to proceed to Manila, and on the following day we again broke camp and started on the eight mile hike. We arrived there that night, but did not remain in the city very long. We were taken on a train to Beguire, a very small village twenty-five miles away on the Manila & Dagupan Railroad. At that place we relieved the 16th Infantry.

Each one was given two hundred rounds of ammunition, with orders to hold the place. Upon arriving there we found the place deserted, and after guarding the town all night without encountering the enemy, we returned to Manila.

We had received our pay once at the water works, but most of the boys had sent their money home and others had left their funds with the paymaster. Of course being in the city we had an excellent chance to buy different things, and it was through the kindness of our 2nd Lieutenant Vickers, who loaned us

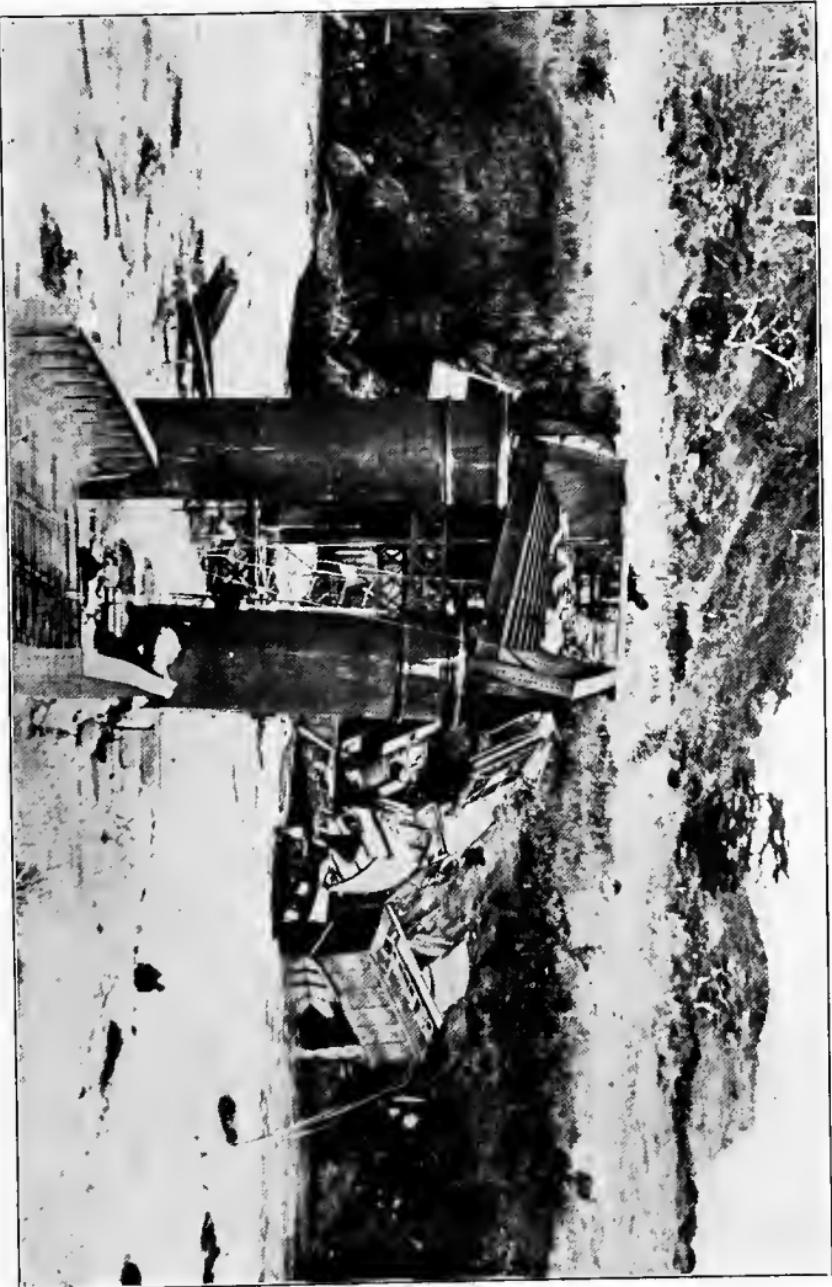
some money, that we were enabled to purchase several small things.

This officer whom I have mentioned was once upon a time a private in Company A of the 21st Infantry, and received his commission as second lieutenant on the transport "Hancock" while we were on our way to the Philippines. On the 2nd day of May 1902 he was killed in action with the Moros at Bayan, P. I. This place is now called Camp Vickers.

At this time very few volunteers remained on the Island, as most of them had returned to the States. They were replaced by other soldiers to fill out the companies which had been weakened by the loss of many men.

After remaining at Manila a few days we took the cascoes for Calamba up the Pasig River for the purpose of joining the rest of the regiment. We travelled about forty miles, and on this journey lost two of our men by drowning, they having fallen overboard as the boat struck the bridge.

The cascoes were towed by small steam-boats and were very slow, but the trip along the river was very picturesque. On arriving at the town



Bang-Bang Bridge. Destroyed by the Filipinos, P. I.

of Pasig we were afforded an excellent view of the Governor's Palace, which was once occupied by the Spanish Governor. It is a beautiful building, the roof extending far over the water, and a handsome yacht could be seen under this extension close to the building.

It was interesting to see so many cascoes loaded with cocoanuts, bananas, oranges and other fruit on their way to Manila. Each side of the river was lined with tall bamboo trees. We took notice of all these things along the route, and enjoyed the ride very much, but riding on these boats or cascoes is not very comfortable. The boats are small and on account of conveying so many, most of us had to stand most of the way.

We reached the Bay of Laguna, from which the Pasig River starts, and later in the afternoon arrived at Calamba. At this place we started to disembark. This was no easy task as there was no dock, and we had to be taken ashore in small boats. The road leading to Calamba was flooded, and we were obliged to wade in the water up to our knees until we reached the main part of the town where we

found conditions a little better. One of our officers, Captain Bonesteel, rode in a boat from the shore to the town.

Our supplies had all been taken out of the boats, and then to our headquarters in town. One of the best buildings in the village was taken for that purpose. The largest building that could be found was converted into a hospital.

The regiment then took its place in the firing line. The enemy were only about eight hundred yards away in the mountains, and these insurgents were certainly making a very strong stand. The outpost had been extended, and was being fired upon nearly every day. All we could do was to hold our own, and the Filipinos seemed to know that.

The gun-boat "Laguna de Bay" helped a great deal by guarding the water front. The outposts were located about two miles from the town of Calamba, and we had to cross a small river by means of a boat. In order to get over, the current was so strong, that a wire had to be strung across and the boat was attached to this



Calamita River at Calamita.

wire. In this manner we were enabled to pull ourselves across in a direct course.

Sugar cane was plentiful in this section of the country, and the different sugar mills, part of which were partly destroyed, showed that there was a large business in that line carried on in times of peace.

This was in the month of October and the rainy season had already set in and was at its height. This made the campaign very disagreeable. Mosquitoes were more numerous at this time of the year than at any other time.

This camp was by no means as good as the one which had been occupied by us at the water works, and some of our boys had already been taken down with fever. The number doing duty on the line was cut down considerably, and those who were not sick had double duty to perform.

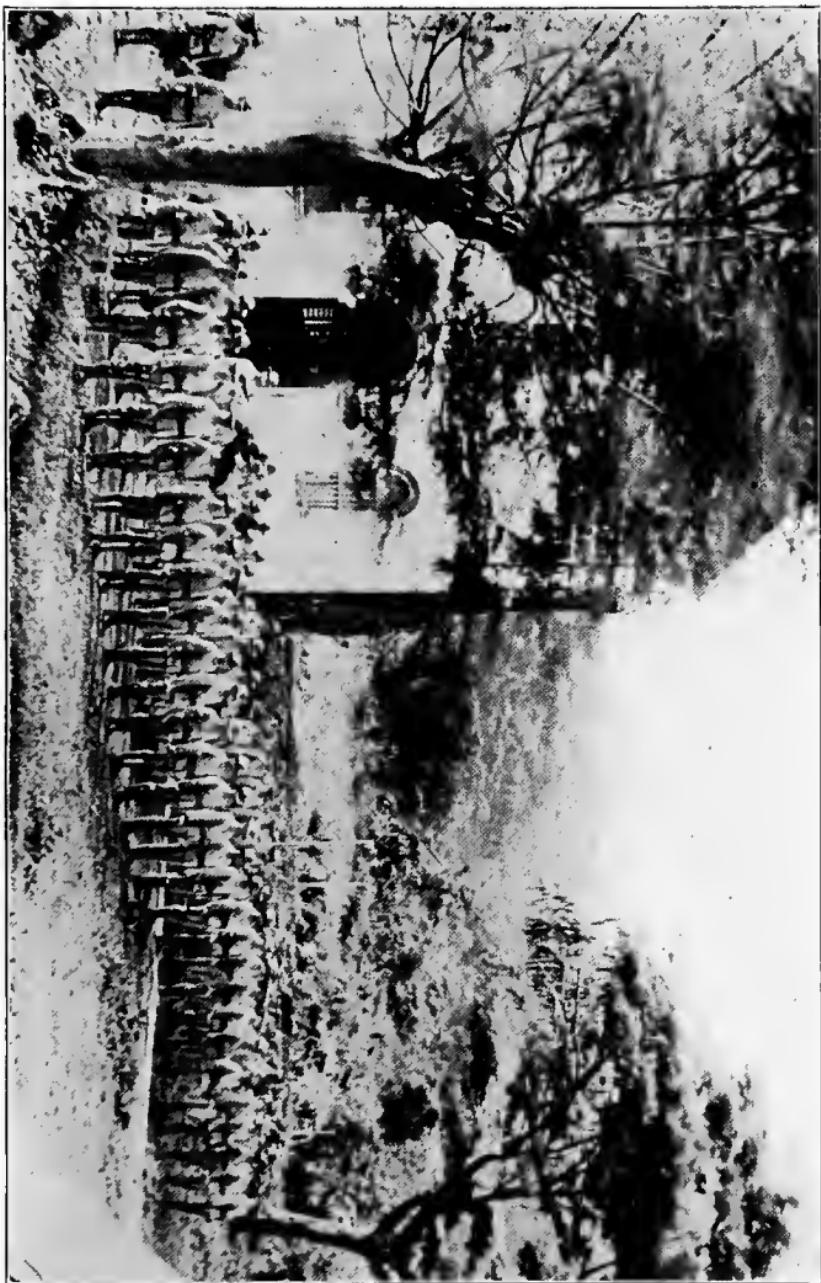
In the latter part of November I received several letters from home, which pleased me a great deal. Some of them contained stamps, as I had asked to have some sent to me, but they were all stuck together. However, I managed to make use of them. Stamps were

valuable because it was about impossible to procure any at the camp.

Company A of our regiment was stationed three miles away at Los Bannoës, and occupied a deserted church as their quarters. Near this church was a hot spring. Los Bannoës was to our left, and the insurgents' lines extended as far as this town. As the town lay close to the water front our boys had the aid of the gun-boats, which were constantly on the lookout.

Before the insurrection started these gun-boats were used for freight and passenger service by the Spaniards. They were not very large, but after having mounted on them two three 2-10 inch and two gatling guns, they proved to be of great service because they were able to run close to the shore and protect our soldiers.

On the 3rd of October the Filipinos made a desperate attack on us, which started about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. This attack was entirely a surprise to us, and for the first time since our arrival the three 2-10 inch guns of Battery F of the 5th Artillery had to be put into action, and they certainly did good work.



Company of the 21st Infantry at Los Banos, P. I.

They were placed on a small hill at the rear of us, back of Company E, and sent their shrapnel over our heads. It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day that the firing ceased. Our guns had done deadly work, and put the insurgents on the retreat. This was the first real battle that I had taken part in since our arrival on the Island, and it certainly was a hot one. Many of our soldiers were wounded.

We heard a few days later through one of the Filipinos that the insurgents had lost many of their soldiers, but they were picked up and taken back by their comrades on the retreat. However, after this battle we did not advance any distance, as we were the only regiment there. The following day we heard that there had been a general attack all along the line, and that General Pio Del Pelar of the insurgents had been killed. This was certainly gratifying news, as he had been the means of keeping the American forces very busy.

The troops all along the north line had been kept busy fighting most of the time because the insurgents at that part of the Island were be-

ing led by Aguinaldo himself. The Government was more desirous of capturing this man than any other because he was the cause of much trouble. He later fell into the hands of General Funston.

In the meantime we had received news that a transport had arrived in the harbor of Manila with fresh troops who were to reinforce the different regiments. We were anxious to know whether we were to get any recruits because our regiment was not up to the standard in number. Many of the older soldiers had been discharged, and others were sick in the general hospital at Manila. In a few days seventy-five recruits were sent to Calamba, and reported for duty. They were allotted to the different companies.

We were given good food here compared to what we had in Cuba, and the water was also much better. We had good cooks who made very fine meals. Sweet potatoes and meat were very plentiful, and of course we had hardtack, coffee and sometimes cake. It is needless to say that there was no frosting on the cake.



Self-proclaimed Dictator, Emilio Aguinaldo.

On a very still night while I was on post duty I could easily hear the Filipinos count one, two, three, etc., in Spanish at their outposts. I afterwards learned that this was done to make sure that every one was at their post, and not asleep. At different times during the night the insurgents would build fires along the line to attract our attention. Their forces were not at any point where these fires were built. They thought that we would shoot in the direction of the fire, but we soon caught onto their scheme, and they did not fool us.

Outpost No. 3 extended further out towards the insurgents' lines than any other, and was fired upon more than any of the others. A sugar mill which was there had been destroyed but the sandstone chimney remained, and that served us to good advantage. The chimney which remained standing was about fourteen feet in height, and was wide enough so that a soldier could climb inside and overlook the enemy's lines by means of holes that we had cut in front. Within four feet from the top a board was placed through these holes across the top so that we could sit there and watch.

XI.

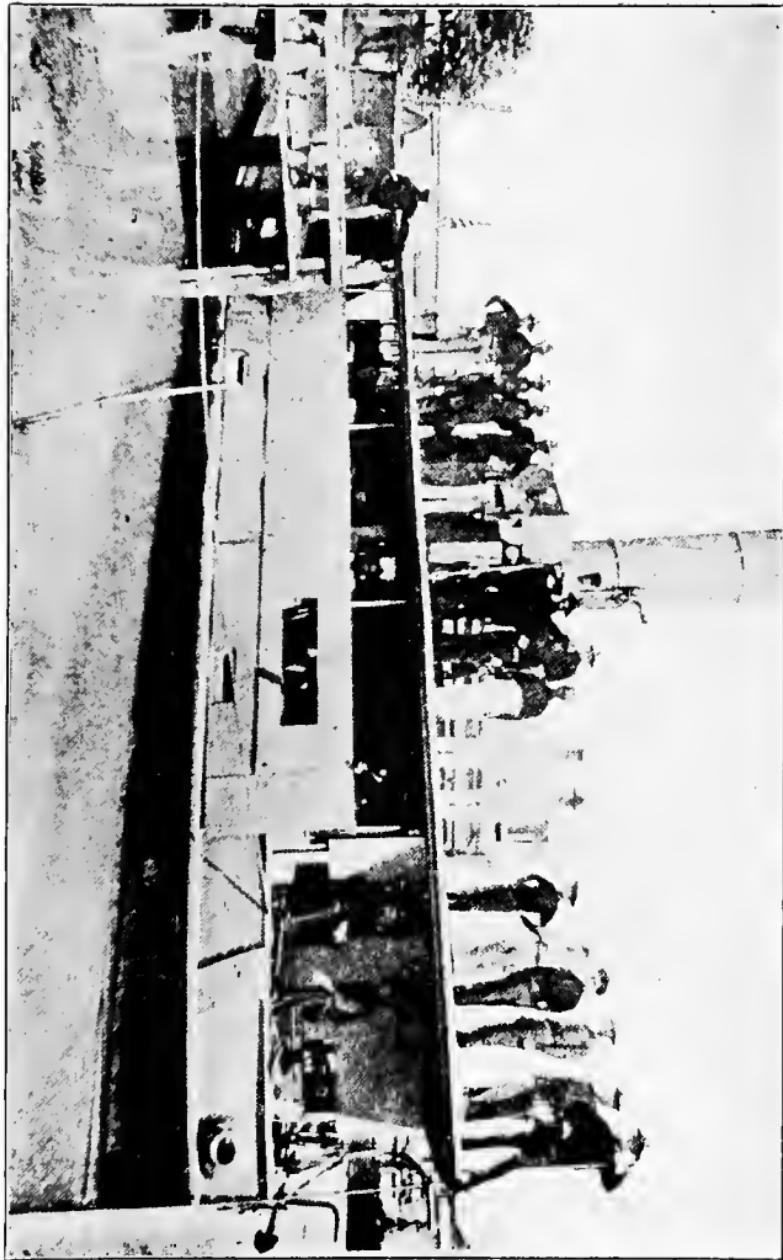
DEFEAT OF THE INSURGENTS.

COLONEL KLINE of our regiment received word that the Filipinos were to make another attack on the town. We received orders to have our rifles close at hand and keep our shoes on when we retired for the night.

This report had been spread all along the line, and every one was on the lookout, but as all had been very quiet for three days, not a shot having been fired by either side, we supposed that the action of the insurgents was done to keep us off our guard. On the night of October 20th at 11:30 o'clock we found the report to be true. The enemy's bullets came whizzing through our camp, and we were sent out to reinforce the outposts.

It was a very dark night, and we could see the flash of light coming from their rifles as

The *Quai du Louvre* in Paris.



they fired, which enabled us to locate their position. They had advanced within three hundred yards of our outposts when they opened fire, but we were there ready for them. We kept up a heavy fire on them while we advanced about a hundred yards further than the outposts, which were in the sugar cane. The firing was kept up until four o'clock in the morning, and then the insurgents retired.

The battery of the 5th Artillery had located the enemy's lines, and must have done deadly work. A few of our boys were wounded, but none were killed. We certainly used a number of rounds of our ammunition that night.

Outpost No. 3, which was the nearest to the enemy's lines, was in the greatest danger. I should judge that we had fired about two hundred rounds of ammunition each. My shoulder was black and blue from the recoil of my rifle, and most of the boys experienced the same trouble. This battle kept the enemy quiet for a few days, and we were not fired upon as frequently as before.

During this interval we witnessed a few cock-fights in Calamba, which was greatly en-

joyed. This is one of the chief sports of the Filipinos. Several bets were made on the results of these cock-fights by our soldiers because the boys had just received their pay, and had money.

It was interesting to see how excited the boys would get over this sport. These cock-fights drew large crowds of the natives who were not in the service of the insurgents.

Small stores had been started in Calamba, where candies, bananas and oranges were sold, and these were well patronized by the American soldiers.

Many of the soldiers acquired the habit of drinking a liquor called beno, distilled by the natives. This resembled corn whisky made in this country, but was much stronger, and of very poor quality. It proved to be a bad thing for our boys, as it was almost like poison. I regret to say that some of the soldiers took too much of this drink, and many a poor fellow went crazy from the effect of it. In fact, some of them had to be discharged from the service on that account. It seemed such a pity because most of the boys who went to the bad



Native Houses at Calamian.

were fine soldiers before they had begun to drink this vile liquor.

The Commissary Department had received a large quantity of tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, and also canned provisions. The soldiers were all able to buy these goods at reduced prices.

The houses or shacks that I have mentioned that we occupied for our quarters, were made of bamboo, and the roof was covered with long grass. The structure was held together by means of wooden pins. The floors were made of narrow strips of bamboo laid about half an inch apart. Bamboo is very common in the Philippines. The houses were supported by posts, and elevated three or four feet from the ground. This elevation was on account of the rainy season when the ground was often covered with water for some depth.

It was surprising to see how well some of these shacks were made. The doors and windows were entirely of bamboo, and were nearly all the same style. One would imagine by the looks of the roof on these shacks that the rain would penetrate through, but much to the contrary, it made no difference how hard it rained,

we were sure of not getting wet inside. The roof was very well put together with tall Nipa grass.

After a time the Filipinos started firing on our outposts again, and kept it up for three days, and continued getting closer to our lines. Colonel Kline made arrangements to drive them back again. The officer who was in charge of the battery of the 5th Artillery asked permission of Captain Bonesteel of Company G to pick out seven men to handle a gatling gun. I chanced to be one of the seven picked out for that purpose. The night before we were called by name and lined up to receive instructions from the officer in charge as to how we were to handle the gun, because none of us had done this kind of duty before we were given our position.

At four o'clock on the morning of Oct. 23rd we started with five companies and two guns of the 5th Artillery and a machine gun. The latter was drawn by two mules. All were under the personal direction of Colonel Kline. It was still dark, but we knew the surrounding territory very well. We crossed a bridge go-

ing off from the main road to where our outposts were, and here we received the command to form a skirmish line. We were then in the open rice fields, and it was just beginning to get daylight.

The skirmish line extended north and south, and the noise from the rattling of the chains and the gun-carriage going over the rice ridges no doubt could easily be heard by the enemy, because at this hour of the morning everything was quiet, and the slightest noise could be heard a long distance away.

As soon as they heard us approaching, just as we had anticipated, there was a sharp blast from a bugle, which we believed to be their signal of our approach. In a very short time after this signal the bullets were again flying thick and fast over our heads, and some of them were quite effective. One of the mules that had drawn the gatling gun was shot through the breast.

A quick movement then took place, because we were compelled to detach the mule from the gun to make ready to fire on the enemy.

The command was then given to fire at will

for the bullets were coming fast, and the enemy was advancing towards us. It was somewhat exciting, but one forgets the danger when in a battle, especially after you have had some experience under fire. I had had previous experience under fire, and I did not mind this excitement.

The gatling gun was soon ready for action. I took my station at the crank that operates the machine, and we soon had the gun in action. The three 2-10 inch guns of the 5th Artillery were also in action, firing shrapnel. A heavy firing was also being kept up by the Infantry. All this was too much for the enemy, and they were soon on the run. We had advanced a few hundred yards with great difficulty because we were compelled to draw the machine gun by hand over the rice field ridges, which was no easy task. It was about all that two mules could do.

As we advanced and took the enemy's trenches we found many of their soldiers killed and wounded. We also captured a sugar mill. We noticed in the galvanized roof of this mill



Gattling and Hotchkiss Guns.

several bullet holes, which showed that we had been firing high.

Occasionally we could hear shots in the distance, fired by the enemy, but they were without effect, as the range was too far. On the ground we found many Krag-Jorgensen shells, which they had made use of by means of washers being placed around the head of the shell. Others had been thinned out so that they could be used with the old Springfield rifles, which were of a larger calibre than our rifles. By this means they used this ammunition with good effect, and certainly was very clever on their part. This demonstrated that they were equal to an emergency.

Finally we ceased firing and came to a halt. We took a much needed rest before returning to the camp. In the distance we could see several camp fires still burning, which showed that our attack on the enemy was unexpected.

Before returning to the camp Colonel Kline asked to have some one go after the harness that was on the mule which had been killed during the engagement, and as I was near him I volunteered to go. After mounting a mule I

started on my way, which was a distance of about two miles, and very difficult travelling. I was compelled to go by the way of a narrow path through the sugar cane. It is not very pleasant to ride on a mule without a saddle, especially when one has never ridden on a mule before, but I kept on going very courageously. Suddenly my mule came to a stop, and I tried to persuade him to advance further, but it was no use. I was unable to do so, and after looking around I noticed the dead body of one of our soldiers who had been shot through the mouth just a few feet away. Then I saw two of the hospital corps attending a wounded soldier.

After considerable difficulty I managed to start the mule again and continued on my way until I found the dead mule. Here I dismounted and attempted to take the harness off, but was unable to do so, and was compelled to go back to where I had seen the hospital corps and ask them to help me. They assisted me and I returned with the harness, which was put onto one of the officer's horses and was used with another mule to draw the gatling gun.



Filipinos Dead in the Trenches.

We arrived at camp about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, with about twenty prisoners. A good dinner was waiting for us, which I ate with much relish, as I was very hungry. This was the last battle I took part in, although I expected that I would be engaged in many other attacks.

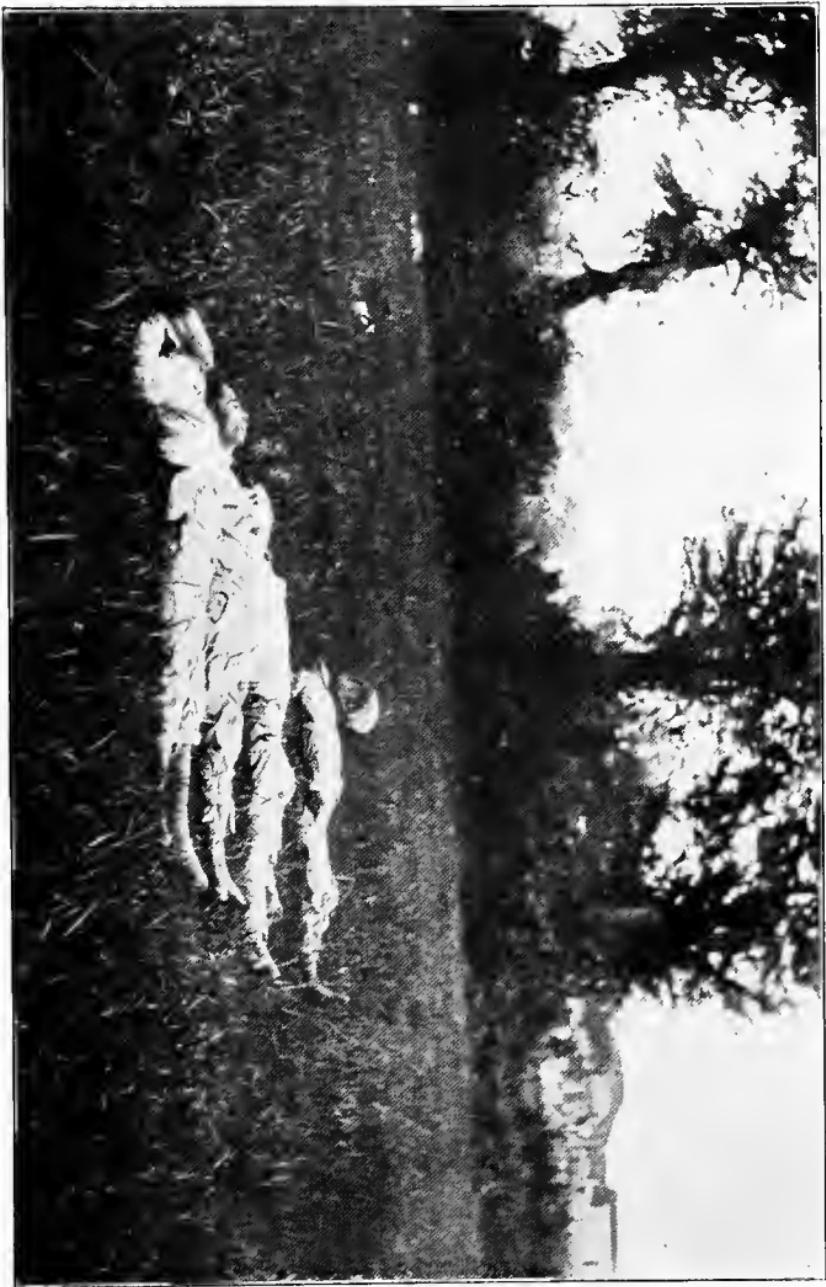
XII.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL LAWTON.

THE glad news came to us through the "Freedom," a Manila newspaper published by Americans, that we were soon to be relieved by the 28th Infantry, but later on this report was found not to be true.

In the meantime we had lost two men from my company by death on account of fever, and many were sick in the hospital at Calamba. Quinine was given to the soldiers in liquid form when we first arrived on the Island, but this did not taste very good to us. It was afterwards given to us in pill form.

There was a large kettle in the sugar mill in our camp, and this was taken outside and utilized for the purpose of boiling our drinking water. At night we would fill our canteens and hang them on a branch in a tree. We would allow the canteen to remain uncorked,



After the Battle of Santa Anna, P. L.

and by morning the water was nice and cool.

It was during an afternoon while on guard duty that I was taken sick with the fever. At this post there was a large tall tree which towered in the air, and a small board was so arranged quite a ways up so as to make a seat which was quite comfortable. Whenever a soldier was on duty he could sit there and overlook the surrounding country. This day it was my turn to take that place. The hot sun was beating down on me and it was very unpleasant, as there was absolutely no shade to cover the place where I was sitting. In a short while I was taken sick, which was the first sickness I had experienced since my arrival on the Island. This was the last guard duty I did in the army.

I came down from the tree and had to be taken on a stretcher to the hospital at Calamba, where I remained for two weeks, but I did not make any gain in health. Finally the doctor decided to send me to the general hospital at Manila with several others of my regiment, who had also been taken down with the fever. We were taken to a boat which would carry us

to Manila by the way of Laguna de Bay and the Pasig River. We arrived there at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were immediately taken to the general hospital, which was already crowded with sick and wounded soldiers. The building which was converted into a hospital was not large enough to accommodate all of the sick, and tents were erected in lines to form wards. Wooden floors were laid in these tents, and everything was dry and neat. The sick were well taken care of. The doctors and nurses were always ready to come to our assistance, and were very kind to us. In fact, one would not receive any better care at home.

The morgue was not very far from the hospital, and from where I lay I could look out and see the coffins piled alongside the building. Every morning from one to three dead bodies were taken over and placed in sheet iron easkets and then in coffin boxes, and after being sealed, were taken to a temporary burying-ground on the outskirts of the city. Later on they were dug up, and transported to the United States on transports for burial.



Battle Field at Calamba, P. I.

In the meantime I received the news that the 21st Infantry had been ordered away from Calamba to Passay. This no doubt was a great relief to the boys, as they had been doing hard duty for five months. The doctors at Calamba had already asked to have me discharged from the army, but I did not know anything about this until I had been at Manila for a few days. It was all a surprise to me.

On December 19th the sad news was given out of the death of Brigadier General Lawton, who was killed at San Meado, a small town near the water works. At one time my regiment had been engaged in a battle at that place. Flags were lowered at half mast all over the public buildings of the city. General Lawton was very popular with all the boys, and it was a great shock to them. His popularity was strong, and the men had confidence and respect for him because of his kindness and the good judgment and ability he had displayed, both in the Philippines and in the Cuban campaign. He had been shot in the left lung, and it proved to be fatal. His funeral took place on the 30th day of December. I

witnessed the funeral from the band-stand on the Lunetta.

I will here describe the funeral as I saw it passing to the transport "Thomas." First in line were thirty native policemen, who cleared everything in front of them. Then followed a company of armed Infantry, and following them came the 20th Infantry band, playing the funeral march. The band was followed by Brigadier General Hall in command of three brigades of Infantry regiments, one battalion of Artillery, and three troops of Cavalry mounted. Following this escort came the sad spectacle, the body of General Lawton. His beautiful mahogany casket was buried in flowers, and was placed on a caisson drawn by six horses. Behind him followed his faithful horse led by his orderly. On the horse was placed the general's saddle and his boots. Alongside the dead body were twelve officers, followed by the 8th Army Corps flag, which the general had with him in every battle in which he took part. It was held by a soldier on horseback and showed its service by being very much soiled. Following what I have described came



First Reserve Hospital at Manila, P. I.

the pall-bearers in carriages, comprising Rear Admiral Watson, General Wheeler, and other officers of the army and navy. They were followed by the Marines of the first-class battleship "Oregon" and the cruiser "Brooklyn." Many civilians followed the funeral procession in carriages and on foot.

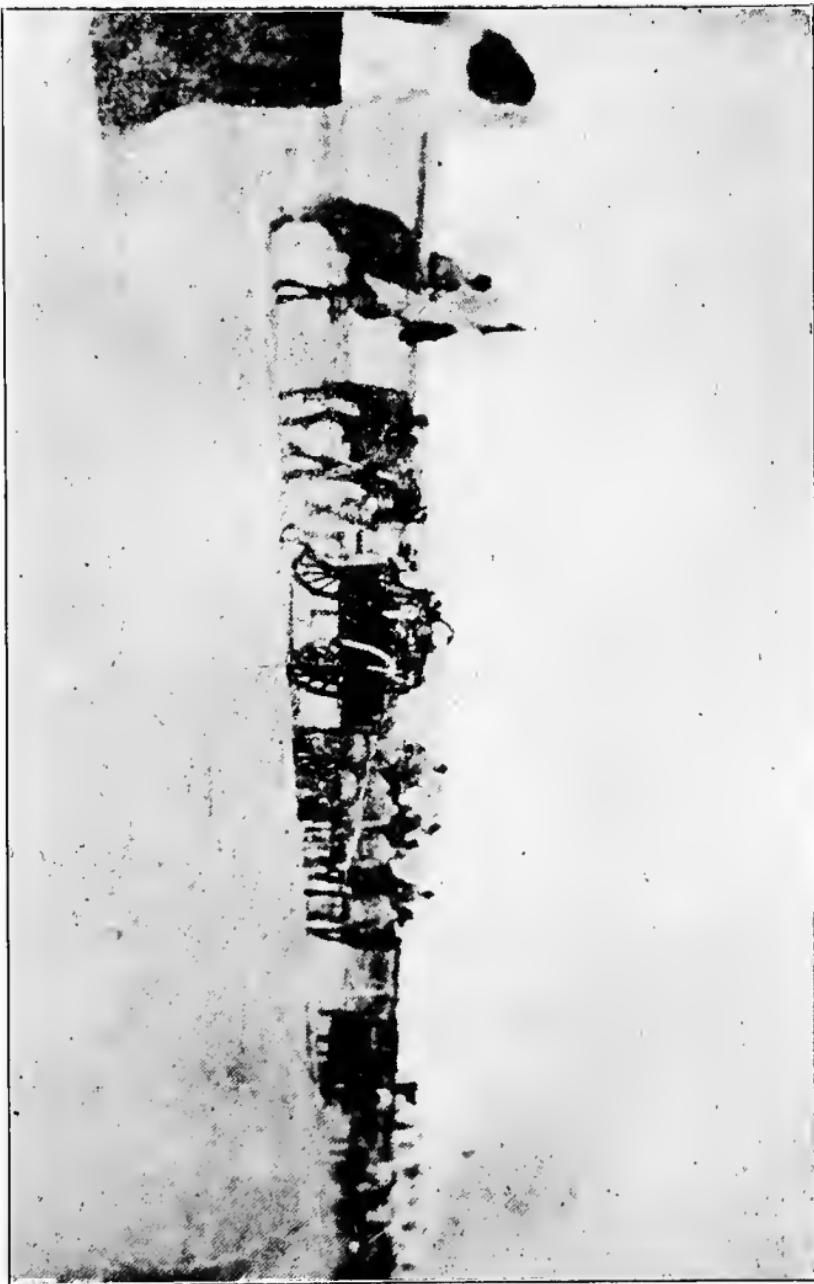
The body was taken to a steam launch, which carried it to the transport "Thomas." This transport was to convey the remains to the United States for burial. The body was accompanied by Mrs. Lawton and her three children. This funeral was a most impressive sight.

XIII.

MANILA—JAPAN.

THE rainy season was about over and the weather was getting very pleasant at this time. I was well enough to be about, and I took advantage of this and visited all about the city. On the evening of January 1st, 1900, a concert was given which I attended, in honor of the opening of the first Y. M. C. A. building in the Philippines. This was a vocal and instrumental concert, in which the natives and soldiers took part. It was well rendered and enjoyed by all.

A few days later the 49th Colored Regiment of Volunteers arrived. They were lined up on the "Lunetta" and certainly were a fine looking lot of soldiers. The officers as well as the men were colored except the majors and colonel. This was the first time that I had ever seen colored officers in the army.



General Lawton's Funeral at Manila, P. I.

On the 7th of January, 1900, while I was still convalescent, much to my surprise, I was called to the doctor's office and given my discharge. I was told to go to headquarters in the city, and there receive my transportation expenses, and also the money that was due me for service. I had not received any pay for a long time. On leaving the office I returned to the hospital in a very nervous condition. I could not understand why I had received my discharge before my time expired. The following morning I proceeded to headquarters, and there received my money and proper transportation papers.

The transport "Hancock," on which the 21st had been taken to the Philippines, lay at anchor in the harbor. I learned that she was soon to return to the United States. I was very glad of this fact because I was anxious to return home on the same boat which had brought me to the Islands. Of course the "Hancock" had made several voyages to the States since our arrival.

I was sent to the walled city where all discharged soldiers were waiting for an opportu-

nity to return home. Many of the boys remained in the Philippines to work, as wages were very good.

A large building was used to accommodate the discharged soldiers, and we were well taken care of with plenty of good food and excellent sleeping quarters. The transport was scheduled to leave on the 19th of January, and this gave me an opportunity of wandering about the city and taking in all the sights.

A few days later I decided to go to Passay, where my company was stationed, for the purpose of bidding the boys goodby. I had not seen them since I left Calamba. They were certainly all glad to see me, but I felt very sorry for them. Many of the boys were tired of the service, and were anxious to go home. No one could blame them for this feeling. Things seemed to be very unpleasant, and the effect of being in a strange country with strange surroundings, where the climate condition does more havoc than the effect of the enemy's bullets, is enough to cause one to think of home.

Every night the boys and myself went to



Group of G-Company Taken at Calamba, P. I.

the "Lunetta" where band concerts were given by a Filipino band, organized and led by the band master of the 6th Artillery. The band-stand was in the center of the park, and was lighted by electricity. The band consisted of sixty-five members, and the concerts were attended by hundreds of people. It was the intention of the leader to take this native band to America and tour through the country.

During the daytime I strolled through the streets of Manila, and visited all places of interest. I bought many small articles to bring home as souvenirs. I went to one of the clothing stores and bought myself a straw hat, a white linen suit, and a pair of tan shoes, all manufactured in Spain. This whole outfit cost me sixteen pecos, which is equal to about \$8.00 in American money. I then proceeded to a photograph gallery where I had my picture taken.

The Bridge of Spain which crossed the Pasig River, is very peculiarly constructed and interesting. It was always crowded with people. Street cars, which were operated at the time by horses, ran across the bridge. There

was quite a grade from the road to the bridge, and two extra horses had to be used to draw the street car across.

An ice-plant was being built in the city, which was to be when completed the largest of its kind in the world. It was located near the Pasig River just across the bridge.

The Escolta is the principal street in Manila, and there were always large crowds on it, hurrying to and fro. Many soldiers could be seen on the street because a large number of them had come to stay in the city a few days before leaving. The buildings in the city were very low, much different than American buildings. The upper story projected over the sidewalks. Manila is inhabited mostly by Chinese and Filipinos.

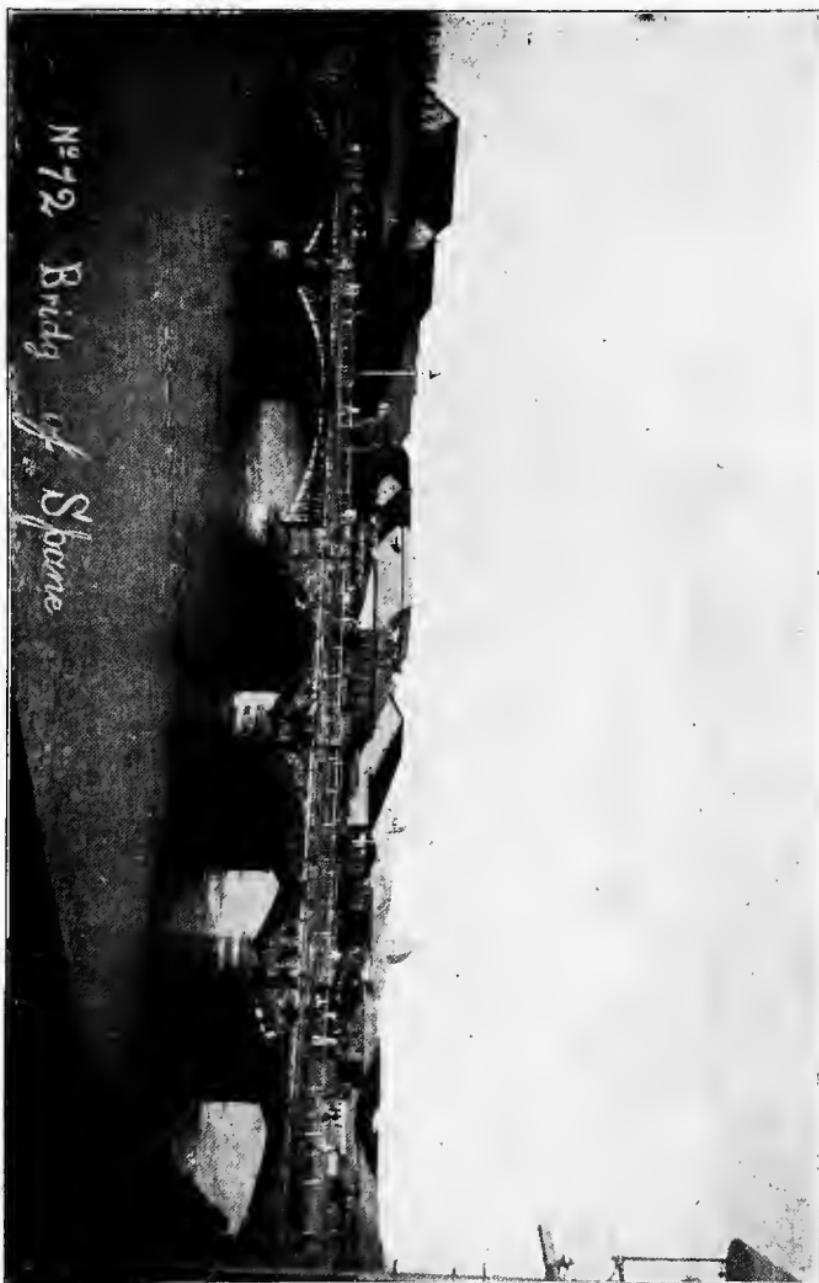
I also visited several churches, which had been erected years and years ago. The works of art in some of them were exceptionally beautiful, and equal to many of our American churches. Of course the designs were peculiar. Nearly all of the floors were made of marble.

There were many new stores that had been



The Luneta or Park in Manila, P. I.

Nº 72 Bridge of Spain



The Bridge of Spain over the Pasig River, Manila, P. I.

started by Spanish, English and Americans, and a person could purchase almost anything that he desired, providing that he had the money to pay for what he wanted.

The 20th Infantry had been doing guard duty in the city for a long time, as the city was still under a martial law. It was absolutely safe for people to travel about in all parts of the city.

I enjoyed myself in Manila immensely. I will never forget the many interesting sights I viewed.

On the 18th of the month the discharged soldiers who were to leave the island received notice to make ready to depart on the following morning. I packed all my belongings into a box that I had purchased in town, and had it taken to the wharf to be placed on the transport. There were only a few soldiers who had been discharged during that time, and we were delayed that day as there were four hundred and eight bodies to be loaded on the ship to be taken to the States. On the 19th of January in the evening we sailed out of Manila Bay on our way to Japan. This was a four days' run,

and the transport had to take on coal at this place.

The trip was very pleasant, as we had fine weather, and our transport "hancock" had been remodelled since it had brought us to the Islands. There were new accommodations, and the wash-rooms were new, also the sleeping quarters. An ice-plant had been installed on board, and ice water was always at our disposal. The transport was not crowded, and we found it very comfortable and enjoyable.

In going to Japan we passed through the Strait of Formosa. We had a good view of the Island of Formosa which is quite an historical country. At one time it belonged to China, but during the China-Japan War it was taken by the latter, and is still owned by them.

At the end of four days we sighted the southern part of Japan, and a few days later we entered the harbor of Nagasaki, which is surrounded by mountains sloping down to the water's edge, making the scenery very picturesque. The weather was very cold. We had been sailing due north from the Philippines, which made a considerable change in the tem-

perature. It was much cooler, and I felt somewhat uncomfortable in my light clothes.

We remained here five days to take on coal, and during all this time any of the men on board who wished to visit the city were given a leave of absence. We were permitted to be away all day, but had to return to the boat every night and report.

The Japs were on the job and came alongside the transport with small boats and took us ashore for a trivial sum. Everything was so peculiar for us, the customs of the people, their way of living, and of course we were unable to talk to them because they did not understand our language, and we did not understand their mother-tongue. I was obliged to purchase heavier clothing on account of the difference in temperature which I have mentioned before. Several of the boys had already caught cold.

At night the harbor of Nagasaki looked its best. There were several gunboats and line-boats laying at anchor, and it was a beautiful sight to see all of the ships lit up. The "Hancock" with its electric lights looked like

a floating palace from the shore. It certainly was a brilliant spectacle to look upon.

The coaling of the transport at Nagasaki was very unique and interesting. It usually takes from three to four days to coal a ship. It is done by Japanese men, women and children. The boats are loaded with coal and towed alongside the ship. The baskets are then filled with coal, which are handed from one to another down the line until it is dumped in the bunkers of the ship. The empty baskets are returned in the same manner by children to be refilled. This forms sort of a human chain. It was surprising to see how rapidly this was done without any one permitting coal to fall from the baskets. Every one on board seemed greatly interested in this work and watched it for a long time.

Nagasaki at this time had a population of about 150,000, and is quite a business city. The business houses as well as the private dwellings were mostly two-story buildings. Most of them were made of bamboo and other Japanese wood. There were restaurants in town owned and managed by American ex-



Soldier Taking a Ride in a Thonkisha.

soldiers who had been discharged during the early part of the Philippine campaign. These places of business were thriving very well because most of the soldiers returning to the States stopped at Nagasaki on account of the ships taking on coal. I visited an English school where English was taught to the Japanese children.

The numerous gardens were another interesting feature of the place. They were built on the side of the mountains, being levelled off for several feet in width. Everything in the line of garden produce was grown in much abundance. It was now February, and the natives were gathering in their crops and food stuffs. Our transport took aboard a supply of vegetables and garden produce for our own use on the way back.

I took a ride in a *jinrikisha* while in the city. This is a two-wheeled cart with a top, and is drawn by a Japanese by means of a pair of shafts. They are made similar to our two-wheeled sulkeys. This mode of conveyance is very common in Japan.

I took in everything of interest, and en-

joyed my stay very much. They were things that I had never seen before, and I felt that I might never have another opportunity of visiting in Japan.

The Japanese were all very friendly to us, and extended every courtesy in their power. I was surprisd to hear so many of the Japs speaking the English language. While I was in the city I patronized a Japanese barbershop, and received a shave and hair-cut.

The transport was finally loaded, and on the 8th day of February we again started on our way towards home. We passed through the Inland Sea of Japan, which is very picturesque, as the mountains run almost straight up from the water's edge.



Discharged Soldiers and Japanese Women Taken at Nagasaki, Japan.

XIV.

SAN FRANCISCO—HOMeward BOUND.

OUR return voyage was altogether as pleasant as could be expected. On board we enjoyed different amusements. We played checkers, cards, and other games.

We had the misfortune of losing an officer and a sergeant on our trip homeward. The bodies were not buried at sea. The "Hancock" had been fitted up with all the necessary equipment for the embalming of the bodies, and they could quickly be put into a condition so that they could be brought back to the United States for burial. You will recall that besides these we had four hundred and eight other dead bodies on board the transport.

Religious meetings were held on deck nearly every evening by a Salvation Army Captain, who had devoted over a year's time in the Philippines.

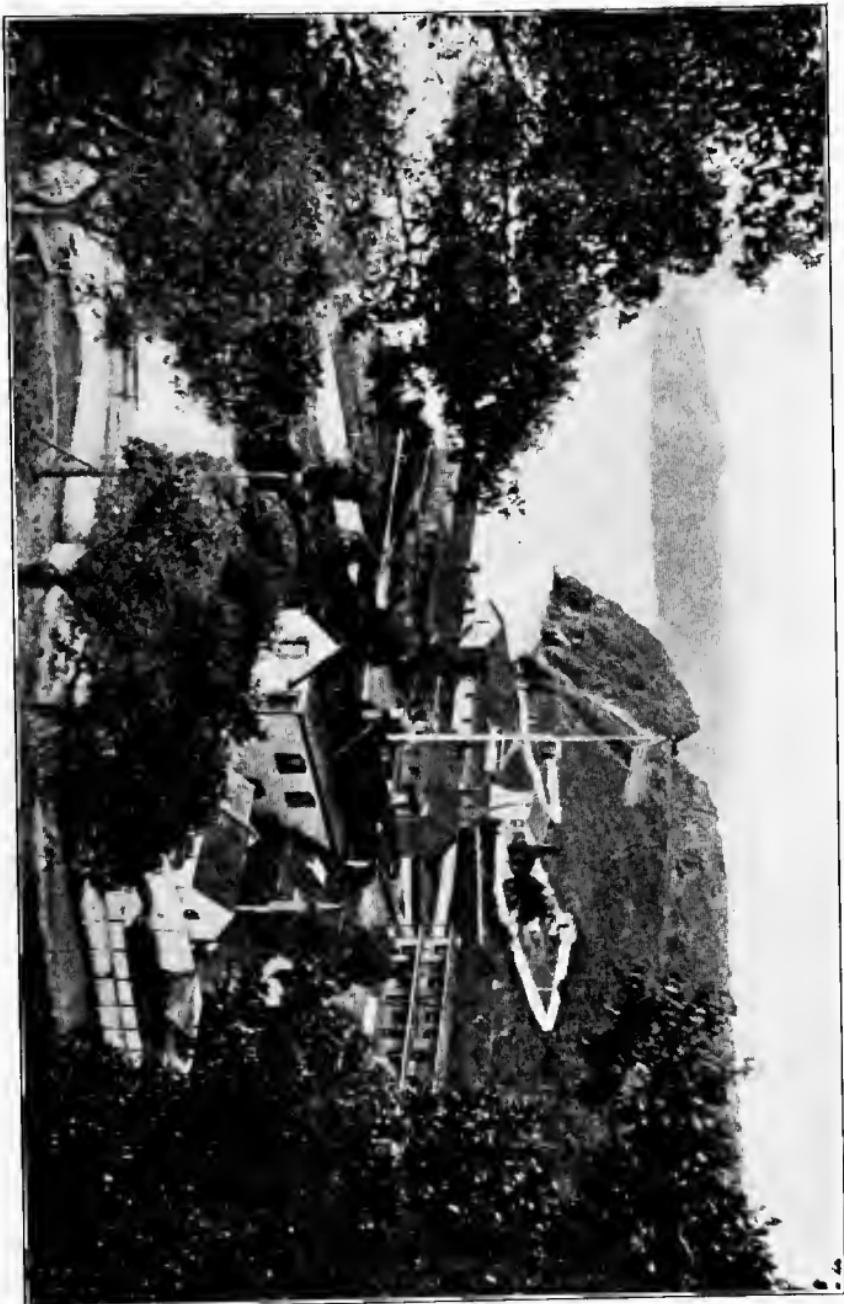
The evenings were very enjoyable. We would sit on deck, telling stories about the different happenings that had been experienced while in the army. This helped to pass away the time.

On the 26th day of February we sighted the Golden Gate of California. A pilot was taken on board for the purpose of getting us properly into the harbor of San Francisco.

The flags on the ship were at half mast, showing that the boat was bringing back bodies of dead soldiers who had lost their lives in the service of their country. Many of them had gone to the Philippines on the same boat about eleven months previous.

The Battery of Passideo at the entrance of the harbor had noticed our ship, and fired the customary twenty-one guns in honor of the dead.

Two of the Chinamen who had been employed on board our ship were taken sick during the trip, although not seriously. On arriving in the harbor the Health Officer of the city was taken on board, and held us in quarantine for a while. It was circulated around



Angel Island, San Francisco, Cal.

among the men that we were to stay on board for thirty days, which was somewhat discouraging news, but after the doctor had made a more careful examination of the sick Chinamen, he decided to let us go on shore.

Of course the "Hancock" lay at anchor, and we had to board another vessel to take us to the dock at San Francisco. We made a stop at Angel Island, where we let off some prisoners who had been taken in the Philippines, and were brought to the United States. A military prison is located on this island.

After a few minutes' ride we landed at San Francisco, where everything looked so beautiful. Spring had just set in. I began to feel that I was once more in "God's own country."

Hiram Lawler, who had also been in the army and was returning home, was my companion on the voyage, and of course we made it a point to be together as much as we could when we landed. It was more pleasant for two to be together than for one to roam about all alone. We went to one of the hotels of the city and hired a room because we expected to remain in town a little while. To tell the

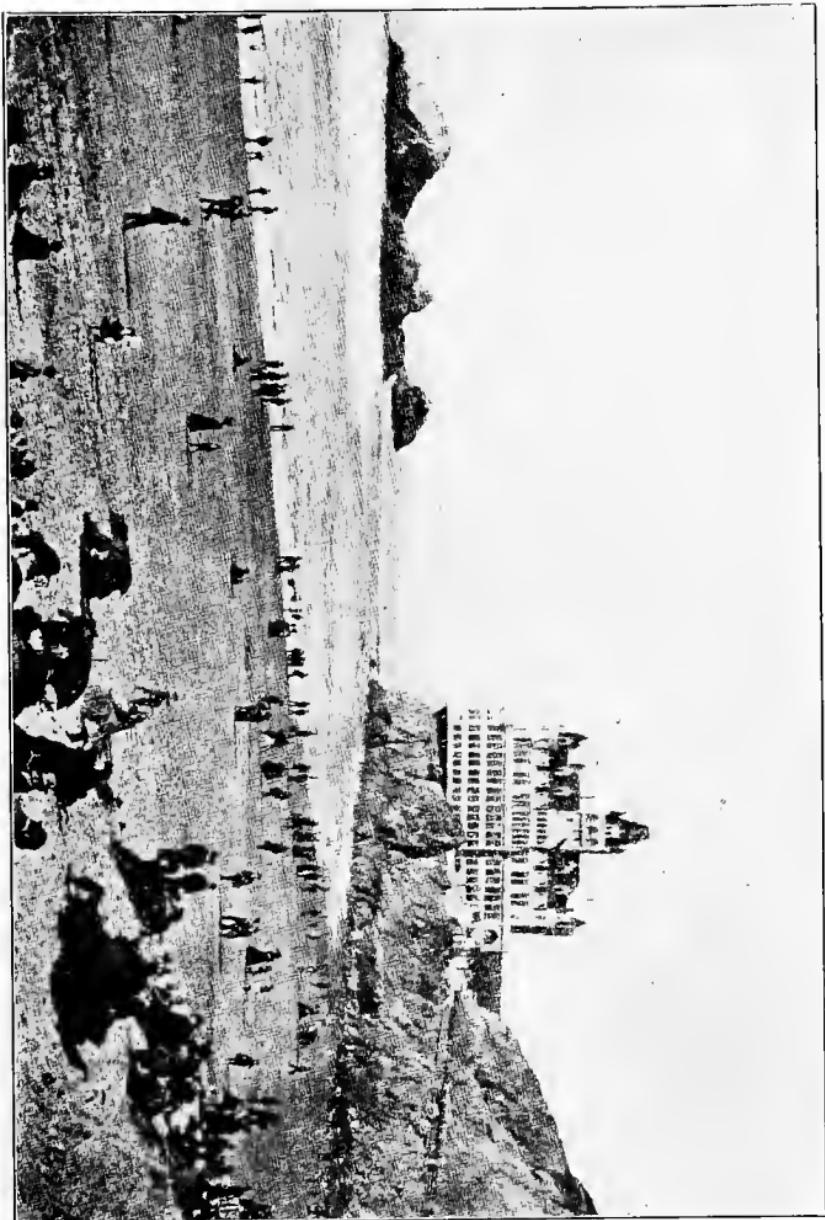
honest truth, we did not have a very good sleep the first night because we were not accustomed to sleeping in such soft beds.

We had learned before leaving the Philippines that all honorably discharged soldiers could procure reduced rates on the railroads from the Red Cross Society, which had its offices in the "Call Building." This building at the time was one of the skyscrapers in San Francisco, and was afterwards greatly damaged by the earthquake which occurred there.

My friend and I decided to wear our uniforms until we reached home. We were proud to be about the streets in the uniform of Uncle Sam.

During the day while we were in the hotel people would ask us all kinds of questions regarding the army and the experiences we had in the Philippines, and we were kept quite busy answering inquiries. Our stay in the city was a very pleasant one. The people seemed to think that there was nothing too good for the soldiers, and we were well received everywhere.

After a short time the discharged soldiers started for their various homes, some going



Cliff House and Seal Rocks, San Francisco, Cal.

south, others north, east and west. It was not altogether a pleasant thing to bid each other goodby because we did not know whether we would ever meet again.

I received my transportation in about five days after we had landed, and started for home by way of the Southern Pacific Railroad. This was a different route than the one over which I had come to the Pacific coast. The further we travelled from California, the colder it became, and on arriving at Topeka, Kansas, we found that the railroad was blocked with snow, and we had to remain there for nearly twenty-four hours. At this city my friend left me, as he had to take a different train to reach his home.

On the balance of my trip I met many people, and made many acquaintances. All were very kind to me, many of them sharing their lunches with me, and again I was asked all kinds of questions regarding the Philippines.

On arriving at Buffalo I had to remain there six hours for train connections. While in the city I was approached and had several interviews with newspaper reporters, who were

very anxious to get stories from me with regard to army life. After I returned home I received newspapers with articles in them which had been written from the information I gave to the reporters.

From Buffalo I took the train to Schenectady, and then to Saratoga. At Schenectady I met an old friend of mine from Rouses Point, and told him that I was going to give my folks a surprise, as they did not know that I was about to return home. He thought he would turn the tables on me, and give me a surprise instead. At Plattsburgh he excused himself, and said he would have to get off the train to see a party. When he got off here he telegraphed to Rouses Point, stating that I would be home that night by express. Much to my surprise when I arrived at Rouses Point that evening there was a large crowd of people at the station to meet me. However, it was somewhat of a surprise to them because they had placed a wrong interpretation on the telegram, and as I had not written home for a long time, they were all gathered at the place where the

baggage car stopped, thinking they were going to receive a corpse. I shall never forget the expression on their faces when I walked from the train to meet them.

It is unnecessary for me to say that they were all very glad to see me. My parents were especially glad to know that I had returned home to remain with them indefinitely.

Of course I was also glad to be home, but the time which I spent in the army, taken as a whole, was enjoyed by me very much. Army life is an experience which brings much good to any one who has accepted the opportunity to serve his country. When I enlisted my ambitions ran high for army life. I anticipated the pleasures of travelling to and visiting foreign countries while in the service, and my expectations had all been fulfilled. An enjoyable trip by train through the Atlantic seaboard states to Florida, several months in Cuba, my return to Plattsburgh, the trip across the continent to San Francisco, the voyage across the Pacific to the Philippines, several months in the service in the Philippine Islands,

the homeward trip by the way of Japan, then to San Francisco, and then across the continent to Rouses Point were events in my life which will never be forgotten.

THE END.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF BATTLES
AND ACTIONS.

Chronological list of battles, actions in which the 21st Infantry participated, also the different companies of the same regiment in Cuba and in the Philippines from 1898 to 1902.

Santiago, Cuba, from July 1st to the 17th, 1898.

May 14th, 1899, Mariquina Road at the Depository, E Company, 21st Infantry P. I.

June 13th, 1899, Baccor, P. I., B. C, D, F, H, I, K, L Companies.

June 13th, 1899, Zapote River, P. I., 21st Infantry.

July 17th, 1899, Macitar, P. I., C Company.

July 26th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., C, D, E, H, I, K, 21st Infantry.

July 28th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., C, D, E, H, I and K Companies.

July 29th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., C, D, E, H, I and K Companies.

July 30th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., C, D, E, H, I and K Companies.

August 12th, 1899, San Mateo, P. I., E, G and L Companies.

September 15th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., E Company.

September 29th, 1899, Los Banos, P. I., A Company.

October 3rd, 1899, Calamba, P. I., 21st Infantry.

October 20th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., 21st Infantry.

October 23rd, 1899, Calamba, P. I., B, D and I Companies.

November 18th, 1899, Los Banos, P. I., H Company.

December 24th, 1899, Calamba, P. I., C Company.

August 27th, 1900, Near San Nicolas, C Company.

September 23rd, 1900, Muntinlupa, P. I., A and C Companies.

December 8th, 1900, Boot Peninsula, P. I., B and D Companies.

December 8th, 1900, Near Sariaya, P. I.,
E Company.

December 30th, 1900, Near Sariaya, P.
I., E Company

January 9th, 1901, Near Taysan, P. I.,
F and H Companies.

January 15th, 1900, Near Conda, P. I.,
H Company.

February 9th, 1901, Los Banos, P. I., M
Company.

February 21st, 1901, Near Pagsanjan, P.
I., K Company.

March 23rd, 1901, Tiaon, P. I., I Com-
pany.

May 2nd, 1901, Cavinti, P. I., A, K and
M Companies.

May 5th, 1901, Bouat, P. I., A, K, and
C Companies.

May 8th, 1901, Lucban, P. I., E Com-
pany.

June 10th, 1901, Jipa, P. I., B and D
Companies.

June 14th, 1901, Santa Cruz, P. I., L
Company.

June 22nd, 1901, Near Unisan, P. I., H Company.

July 15th, 1901, Calapan, P. I., G Company.

August 6th, 1901, Mount Niaga, P. I., H and J Companies.

August 20th, 1901, Balatan Barrio, P. I., G Company.

August 20th, 1901, San Benita Barri, P. I., C Company.

September 20th, 1901, Alinsinongin Barrio, P. I., D Company.

October 8th, 1901, Mount Caraya, P. I., D Company.

October 29, 1901, San Jose, P. I., F Company.

November 6th, 1901, Near Mount Buguil, F Company.

December 8th, 1901, Jipa, P. I., B, D, H and I Companies.

December 10th, 1901, Candelaria, P. I., C Company.

December 10th, 1901, Near San Pablo, P. I., B, D and I Companies.

December 10th, 1901, Tabian Barrio, P.
I., G Company.

December 16th, 1901, Colod Barrio, P.
I., G Company.

December 18th, 1901, Near Baleta, P.
I., H Company.

December 18th, 1901, Mount Maguiling,
P. I., M Company.

December 23rd, 1901, Near San Jose, P.
I., F Company.

January 1st, 1902, Loboo, P. I., G Company.

January 2nd, 1902, Near Tayasan, P. I.,
B, D, H, I, 21st Infantry.

January 7th, 1902, Near Calamba, P. I.,
K Company.

February 5th, 1902, Campo, P. I., E and
C Companies.

February 20th, 1902, Near Tanaan, P.
I., A and K Companies.

February 22nd, 1902, Tiaon, P. I., C
Company.

March 15th, 1902, Jipa Mountains, P.
I., I Company.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE Philippine Islands—named after King Philip of Spain—were discovered in March, 1521, by the famous explorer, Magellan. It was during a fight with the natives of the island that Magellan lost his life. The islands were taken possession of in 1565 by a fleet from Mexico. In 1570 a settlement was effected at the mouth of the Manila River, and Manila became the Spanish capital. The population of the Philippines is between eight and ten millions, mostly natives, a mixture of Malays, Chinamen, Japs, negroes and various others. The latent wealth of the islands is immense.

UNITED.

In the rice fields and the marshes,
'Neath the burning tropic sky,
Where so many brave have fallen
And the helpless wounded lie,
There the darling of his mother—
Her support through earthly strife—
Upon the nation's holy altar
Freely gave his fair young life.

“ To the charge ” the bugle sounded,
And the day was almost won
When the dreaded Mauser struck him
And his race of life was run;
But a comrade stops beside him
And bending o'er him as he lay,
Rests his head upon his bosom
And waits to hear what he might say.

“ When you send the news to mother
Tell her I have tried to be
Such a soldier as was father
In the days of '63;
Tell her that I did not falter.”

And his voice is sinking low,
“ In that hour of dreadful carnage
When we charged upon the foe.”

“ Tell her how my gallant comrades,
From the North, South, East and West,
Fought beneath the same old banner,
Each as bravely as the rest;
Tell her that the past is buried,
Yankeeland and Dixie True
Are united now forever
'Neath the old Red, White and Blue.”

A smile now gathers, he is sleeping
That last long earthly sleep.
And his comrade looking upward
Brushes tear-drops from his cheeks;
The bugle sounds, he cannot tarry,
But murmurs as he turns away,
“ His father wore the Northern Blue
My father wore the Southern Gray.”

“ Crack! ” again the dreaded Mauser
Speeds upon its wings of death,
And the fair-haired Southern soldier
Falls to earth with bated breath,
Across the breast of his Northern brother
As if locked in his embrace,
Each has answ' ed to the summons,
And die together, face to face.

At the breaking of the morning,
When the cannon's voice was still
And the rifle no longer echoed
Through the marsh beyond the hill,
Lying there as they had fallen
Upon the marshy blood-red ground,
By a squad of anxious comrades
These two noble boys were found.

In the same grave they are sleeping—
Not as their fathers slept of old—
But as comrades, loving brothers,
Soldiers, fearless, true and bold;
For the lives of these two heroes
Healed the wound their fathers made,—
So let the past be now forgotten,
In the sacrifice they gave.

Thus the graves around Manila
Mark a turn in history's tide,
For the sons of North and Southland
Lie there buried side by side;
Their young lives were freely given—
Not one tried to shirk or lag—
That the world may know we are united
For one Country and one Flag.

W. B. EMERSON,

Co. C, 51st Iowa U. S. V.

